The Bystander, October 27, 1920. No. 882. Vol. LXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

"CROWDED OUT"

PEACE: "Not even room for a little 'un, eh?"

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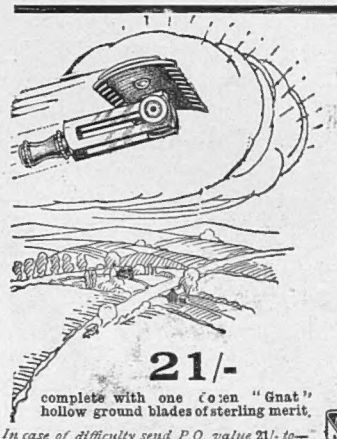

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Who Pays?

"PASS the hat for your *debit's* sake, And pay, pay, pay!" That's the burden of the old song as we ought to sing it to-day—those of us, at least, who have the courage to face our financial responsibilities. That sort of moral courage takes a deal of rousing, and when you've roused it you don't get so much as an O.B.E. for your pains. Gallant though he may have been in the War, the miner has become a "conchy" in peace-time right enough. He breathes so much as a threat to strike—and what happens? The country's wealth immediately depreciates by so many millions. He strikes—and the depreciation becomes automatically four or five times as great. But does he offer to pay the damage in case he may be wrong? Not on your life. He takes good care to do his betting on a certainty every time. If he wins, the country pays. If he loses, the country pays, too. And that means, as usual, the middle-class brain-worker, the man who is said to be the "backbone of the nation." The miner goes Scot-free because he pays next to nothing in taxes.

Change of Heart

HOWEVER, I am quite sure that this aspect of the situation only needs pointing out to him. I am sure that if he realised the burden he is placing upon the shoulders of his fellows, he and his comrades of the railway and the transport would immediately form a queue outside Somerset House (quite convenient, of course, to many of the miners, who, one hears, are having a little holiday in the West End) with their cheque-books in their hands, all clamouring to pay up and help the dear old country out of her troubles. In fact, the change of heart *may* have begun already. Who knows but what the anonymous old gentleman who has been leaving £500 notes upon hospital secretaries may be a repentant miner? Something tells me that he *must* be!

Cold Baths—and the Fighting Spirit

THOSE hardy ruffians who claim to take their bath cold every morning all the year round, will now have a further excuse for boasting over us softer brethren, who like it warm or hot. But we shall all have to economise in the same way if the strike lasts more than a few days, and then, I fancy, we lovers of hot water will make the sturdier fighters. I can imagine few things better calculated to inspire a good fighting spirit, fresh every morning, than to come blue and shivering from one's bath, or have to forgo it altogether. The thought that the miners probably have plenty of coal, and without having to pay for it, will exacerbate this spirit, and every morning a determined army of men and women will march forth from thousands of bath-rooms. Their banner will be a bath-towel, and the device thereon a gasless geyser and a broken hot-water tap.

"Kultur" at Oxford

I DON'T suppose the "reconciliation" memorial signed by fifty-seven Oxford Dons and addressed to the Professors and learned men of Germany and Austria, really matters very much. These fifty-seven gentlemen represent neither the senior nor the junior members of the University. They merely represent themselves, and I daresay some of them are already sorry they spoke. But what was the Poet Laureate doing as the leader and instigator of the whole thing? The fact that he holds a Court Office should have preserved him from such a blunder. Since Dr. Bridges has held that office he has been most tactfully and mercifully silent in the exercise of its duties. He has spared us time after time in recent years on occasions when any Laureate, however good-natured, might have felt obliged to perpetrate a patriotic ode. A similar reticence would have become him in the matter of embracing German professors even before the Cenotaph is unveiled in Whitehall.

WHAT ABOUT ME? By Alfred Leete

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Production *v.* "Dumping"

WHAT is far more serious than the vagaries of the Poet Laureate and his friends, is the flood of German goods that is pouring into the English market and being sold at less than the cost price of similar goods made at home. The Government has an anti-dumping Bill in preparation, but it seems to me that this is no question of "dumping" as we used to understand the term. The shibboleths of "Free Trade" and "Protection" hardly apply. If a housewife of the "new poor" class has to buy a kettle and can get for sixpence a foreign-made article, from Germany, Japan, or any other country, whereas for a similar article made in England she would have to pay 3*s.* 9*d.*, which do you think she will purchase? It is asking too much of human nature to suppose anything but the former. Even Protection could not "protect" the English article against such a margin. "Prohibition" alone would suffice. The one answer to foreign goods is "Home production," whether it be a matter of coal or coal-scuttles. This is now such an elementary truth that it is no longer worth labouring the point.

Cave-men and Hats

"ARE we happier than the cave-man?" someone has been asking, suggesting that we are not. Why should we be? His very name shows that he had a ready-made house rent-free. But we—we are a nation of house-hunters not house-holders. There are still caves. But we have forgotten how to live in caves—and there would not be enough of them to go round anyway. Clothes and boots were little concern to the cave-man. The former he took off his food. Our food is stripped before we see it, generally thousands of miles away. Of course, there are tins in which we get a good deal. But not even a cave-man could stand a garment made of bully-beef receptacles. He did not need boots. We who have been born into a country of hard roads and pavements and "keep off the grass," must have them. There remains the hat. Some of us still, I notice, belong to the "no hat brigade." Others are still trying to invent new forms. Sir William Orpen says he's going to wear one of them. On the whole, the cave-man was much to be envied.

That Mutilated Portrait

HOW the late James McNeill Whistler would have revelled in such a correspondence as that which has been taking place between Mr. Augustus John and Lord Leverhulme! And how everyone would have revelled with him! His answer to that invitation to dinner would have been a masterpiece. Mr. John did well enough, however, but his strongest reply was certainly the publication in the *Daily Graphic* of his photograph of the portrait before it was mutilated. This shows that Lord Leverhulme has retained only one-tenth of a very fine work of art. More than one artist drew my attention to the left hand in particular. The whole affair seems very unfortunate, but not all the soap in Christendom will wash Lord Leverhulme's offence clean in the eyes of Chelsea.

Hicks and Sacks

[*Arrangements have been completed, it is stated, for the formation of a new theatrical syndicate, in which the active control will be taken by Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. J. L. Sacks.*]

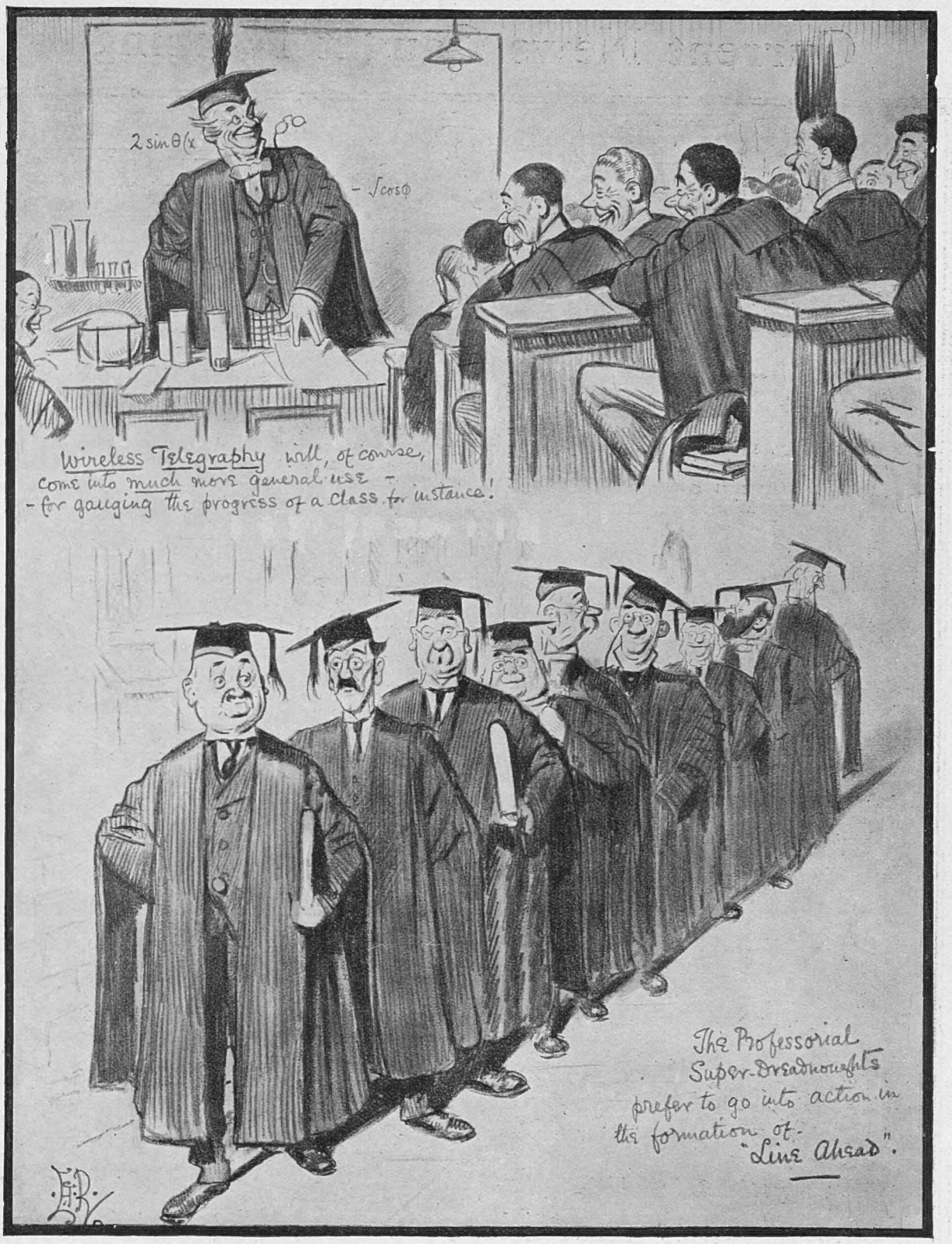
THE show as run by Hicks and Sacks
Should chase away care's cricks and cracks.
The day that's dimmed by wicks and wax
Will blaze with lime-lit kicks (and backs).
The clock will speed its ticks and tacks
When wound by Seymour Hicks and Sacks.

"Smokers" and "Non-Smokers"

I CANNOT pretend to much sympathy with the lady who has had to pay two guineas costs for smoking in a non-smoking compartment. Indeed, I consider her rather worse than the non-smoking women who crowd into smoking carriages. The non-smoking compartment is as much for the benefit of the smoker as is the smoking one. Though an inveterate smoker myself, I often take refuge in a non-smoker. The other night I sat next to a gentleman whose pipe, whilst it seemed to afford him intense pleasure, made me long for a gas-mask. I should have been horribly annoyed if he had followed me into the non-smoker which I sought at the first stop. I had a right to be protected from that pipe, but not in a smoking-compartment, even

SYMPATHY! By W. E. Wigfull

THE LONELY ONE: "Lor! look at them pore fellers out o' work"



By E. T. Reed

THE NAVAL SPIRIT FURTHER IMPRESSES ITSELF AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

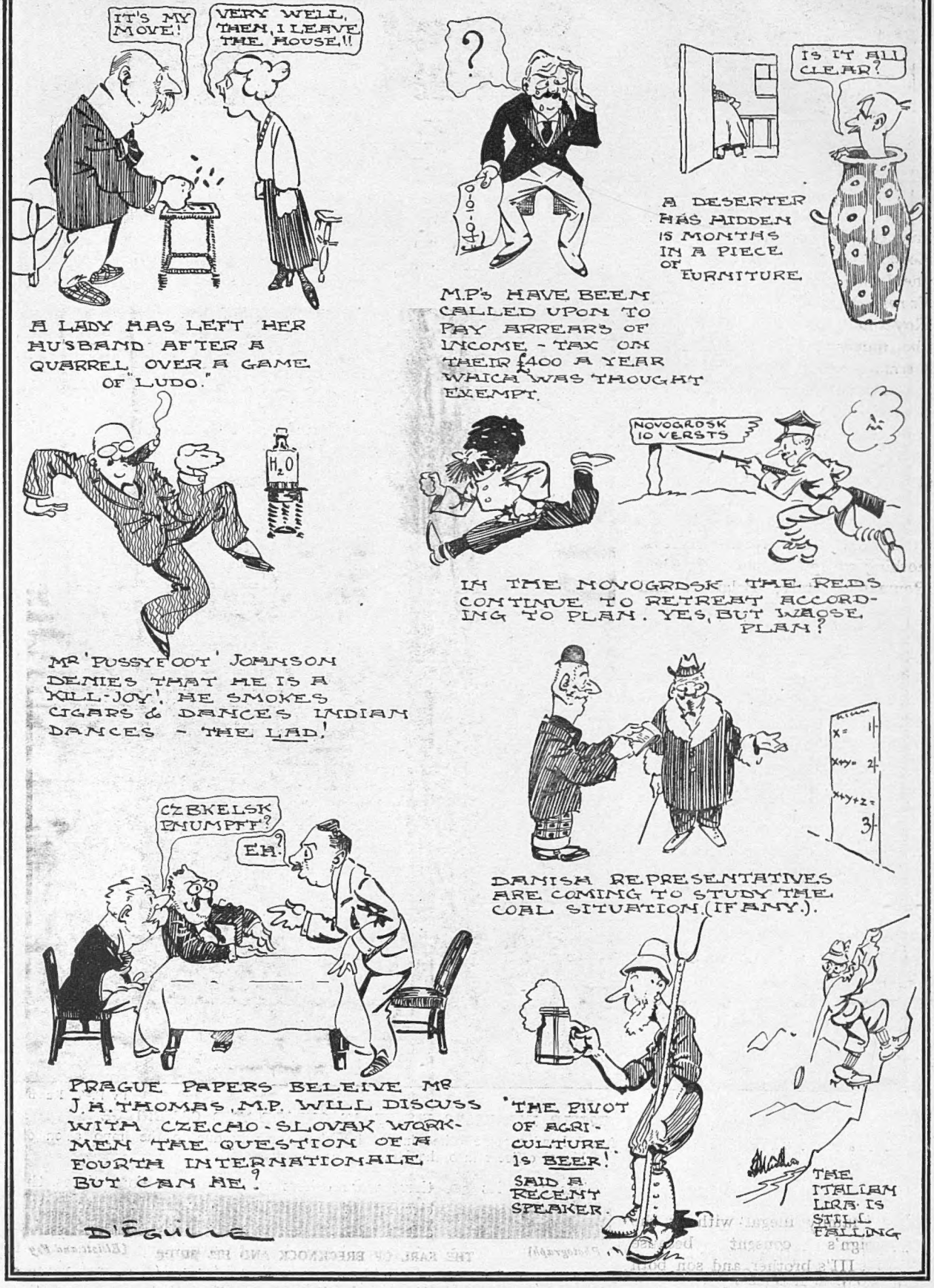
Our artist *could not* be restrained from showing some other interesting developments due to the importation of Naval officers into the Universities

if it did gurgle a horrible accompaniment to its death-dealing fumes.

The "Circulation" Bore

I WONDER how many readers care one tiny scrap what may be the circulations of the various papers they read? Personally, I should continue to read my favourites even if it were proved that there were others with three or four times their circulation. I can quite understand how the question affects advertisers, but surely they can be told all about it without boring us ordinary people with, to us, highly uninteresting figures. Of course, we need not read them—but we may feel that the space they occupy might be filled up with something rather more amusing.

Current News Caught Napping



BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR OF THE WEEK

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY.

Limitations of Royal Choice

THE official announcement of the engagement of Princess Elizabeth of Roumania to the eldest son of the ex-King Constantine of Greece, known as the Duke of Sparta when he was Crown Prince, is not brilliant as Royal marriages go. But now that the numerous Royal families in Germany are no longer of any account—not worth two a penny—the choice of any Royal prince or princess whose parents stick to the old " house law " that Royal blood must mate with Royal blood, is extremely limited.

Outside the dispossessed royalties of Germany and Austria there is nothing except Denmark, Sweden, Roumania, Italy, Belgium, and England. Italy and Belgium are out of the question except for Roman Catholic princes. If rumour speaks truly, the delightful Queen of Roumania had other hopes for her daughter, hopes—to speak quite frankly—that were better not realised. So it looks as if the Royal families who cling to the old law—created originally in Germany—of Royal mate to Royal mate must content themselves with the sons and daughters-in-law of ex-sovereigns.

"Morganatic" Marriages

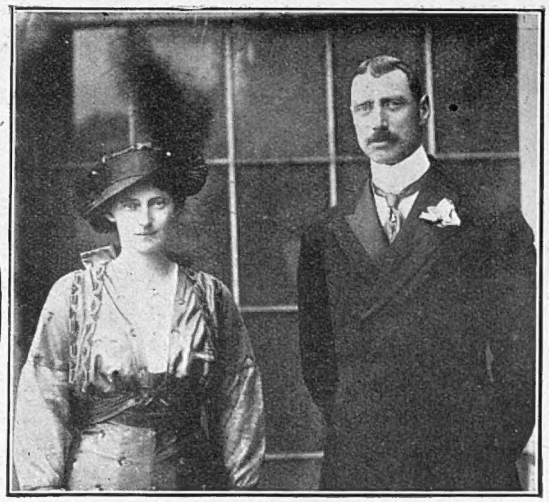
IN England, until the Hanoverian Georges came over, the morganatic marriage of Royalty was unknown. That was imported from Germany. The last of the Stuart kings—James II—when Duke of York, married a daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, and had she lived she would have been Queen of England. The Royal Marriage Act was framed to make the marriage of members of the Royal family illegal without the Sovereign's consent because George III's brother and son both married ladies of the nobility. If the marriage took place without the Sovereign's consent, and this was withheld decisively when the other contracting party was non-Royal—the union was known as " morganatic."

Two outstanding instances of these " morganatic " marriages were the Duke of Sussex, Queen Victoria's uncle, who married an estimable widow called Buggins. She was created Duchess of Inverness by Queen Victoria. The other

Photograph] THE EARL OF BRECKNOCK AND HIS BRIDE [*Elliott and Fry*

Who were married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridegroom is heir to the Marquis Camden, and the bride, Miss Marjorie Jenkins, is the only child of Col. A. G. Jenkins, a niece of Sir Felix Cassel and a grand-niece of Sir Ernest Cassel. Lord Brecknock, who came of age this year, is in the Scots Guards, and is a personal friend of the Prince of Wales

THE QUEEN OF NORWAY



THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

Royal Visitors to London This Week

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (continued)

was the late Duke of Cambridge, who married a beautiful actress, Miss Fairbrother. She was known as Mrs. FitzGeorge, a name borne by all her children. Neither of these ladies had any official existence, and, so far as the public appearances of their husbands went, they might have been bachelors.

Another instance of the old German rule of making a barrier round the "really royal" was the late Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, whose name is cherished still by all those who knew and loved her. She was a daughter of the ducal house of Richmond, but when she married Prince Edward—a soldier in the British Army and at one time General Commanding at Portsmouth; it all seems like a fairy tale now—she was made Countess Dornberg.

It is odd to think that everybody quietly accepted the daughter of an English Duke being turned into a German Countess by the ruler of a petty German Grand Duchy.

Queen Victoria, some years after her marriage, gave Princess Edward the right to bear her husband's name and rank of Serene Highness. But whenever she went to Germany the Princess was only Countess Dornberg. Queen Victoria's writ only ran in England in these matters, which were the very essence and being of German royalism.

It is fortunate for us that all this nonsense has been thrown overboard.

Photographs *Central News*

LORD OSSULSTON AND HIS BRIDE LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

After their wedding on Wednesday last. The bridegroom is the eldest son of the Earl of Tankerville, and his bride, Miss Robarta Mitchell, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Mitchell

Three Starters

A CORRESPONDENT sends me the following entry for the Thorneycroft Handicap run at Wolverhampton on the day of the Prince of Wales's return to London. It is rather behind the times, perhaps, in point of date, but my correspondent lives in the country and is so busy that he never writes letters except on wet days. And we have had such a spell of fine weather! However, the names of the three horses are so apposite to what everybody is thinking, and what the *Times* has said out loud, that I give them: 1. "Lucky Prince." 2. "Happy Girl." 3. "Outlook."

And "Lucky Prince" won! I hope the real Prince will, too—the best girl in the world.

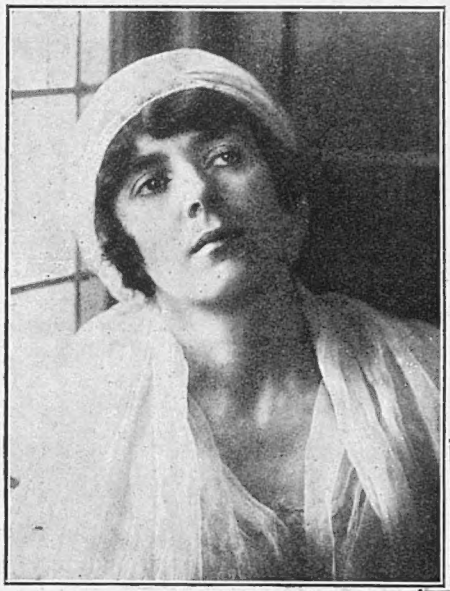
Hunting and the Coal Strike

I WONDER what effect the coal strike will have on the opening of the hunting season. The prospects were extremely good, surprisingly so when you take everything into consideration. To take the Pytchley and the Quorn alone the followers are as many as before the War—at least those who were going to follow. Whether they will or not, the miners must decide.

Sir Charles Frederick is Master this year for the second time of the Pytchley, a pack much favoured by the Prince of Wales. Besides the Prince, Lord and Lady Airlie, Lord and Lady Horne, a contingent of the Lowther family, the Hon. Luke and Lady Lavinia White, Mr. and Mrs. George Drummond, Colonel and Mrs. Faber, Mr. R. B. and Lady Margaret Loder, and many others will be hunting with him from houses dotted all over the Northampton country.

The Quorn has two Masters, Major A. E. Burnaby and Mr. W. E. Paget. They should have big fields.

But the strike? Well, there are so many "buts" in these days that we must be truly political and say, "Wait and see."



Photograph *Elwin Neame*

MRS. H. A. O'CONNOR

Wife of Captain O'Connor of the Indian Army, who is securing in country districts a bulky list of signatures in support of Lord Buckmaster's Divorce Bill. She is well known in the hunting field

Obey the Rules

THE rules of democracy have their opportunity for what was once called the aristocracy. Descending in a Tube lift one evening this week three men smoking pipes, and a fourth smoking a cigarette, were standing in a row close to the gate which bears the sign, "This side out only." In front of them stood an elderly woman in evening dress, cloaked and bare-headed.

Scarcely had the lift begun to sink when she turned, and with amazing deftness took the three pipes and the cigarette from four mouths and placed them in the hands of their astonished owners. She pointed at the large printed notice, "No Smoking," then said, "Gentlemen, obey the rule, if you please!"

I can't convey to you the effect on those four faces. There was nothing to be said because the lady had turned her back, and was gazing resolutely through the lozenges of the gate. But each one of them held pipe and cigarette in his hand until we bumped at the bottom!

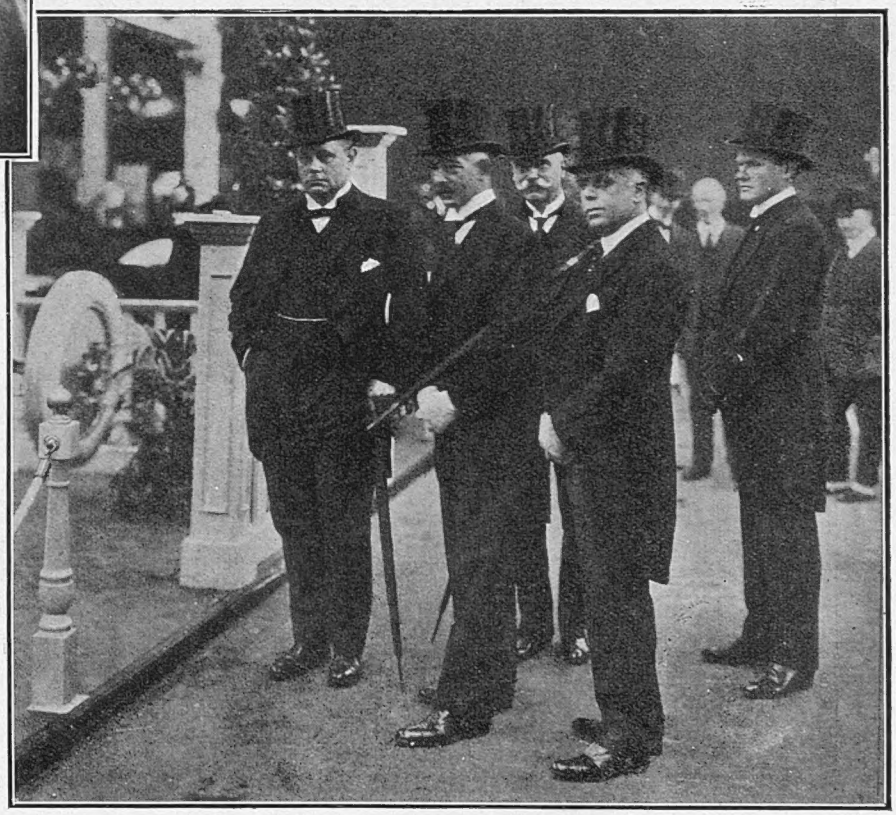
The lady was a Countess-dowager not unknown for her firmness of character. "They clamour for democracy," she said afterwards in the train. "Democracy is all rules. They've got democracy, so why in common honesty don't they obey the rules?"

I commend the point to the consideration of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. Will their "happy" Socialistic State obey the rules? There's the rub.

Photograph *Central News*

THE GREAVES-HOWARD WEDDING

Major George Greaves, late of the Blues, was last week married to the Hon. Frances Fitzalan Howard, daughter of Lord and Lady Howard of Glossop, at Brompton Oratory. The bridegroom is a son of the late Mr. Edward Greaves and Lady Henry Grosvenor



Photograph **SIR ERIC GEDDES (left) AT OLYMPIA** *[Campbell Grey*

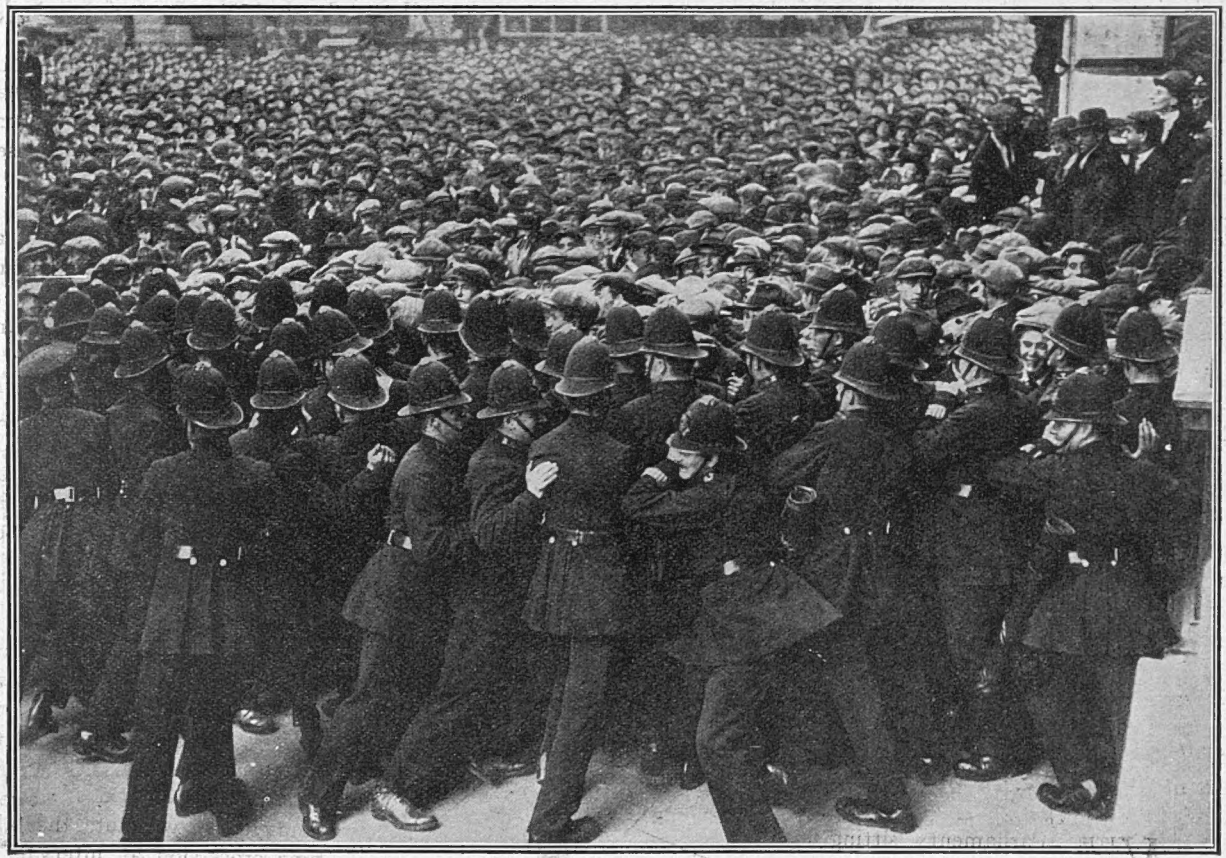
On Wednesday last the Minister of Transport opened the Commercial Vehicles Motor Show. We understand that there were many serviceable-looking vehicles to be seen—and that Sir Eric showed considerable interest in this fact!

Trade Dis-Unionists

(UNION: UNITY, CONCORD, AGREEMENT, HARMONY, &c.—*English Dictionary*)

Photograph *Central News*

The WON'T Works.—Some of the miners who are on strike in South Yorkshire are passing the time away with whippet racing. These sort of folk are in "striking" contrast to those seen below



Photograph *Topical*

The WANT Works.—The police attempting to stem the crowd near Downing Street during last week's Unemployment Demonstration. While we have every sympathy with these unfortunate men, they should understand that the above is not the way to get work, however much the agitators—who are really at the bottom of the whole trouble—may try to persuade them that it is

"Hungering for news of the little old town"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE BYSTANDER BUTTERFLY

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *Oct.* 25

DEAR COUSIN—

ALMOST like war-time again it's seemed, in some ways, just lately—what with food and coal and light being rationed, and all the rest of it 'cos of the strike. Only, hardly quite the same spirit about it all this time, is there?

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AFTER all, when the War was on, there was a sort of national feeling about it. It was our War, that we simply had to go through with when it was forced on us from outside, and that united us all, for a time, anyway. It was such a big, an enormous, inevitable occasion, and we did (all except just a very few) rather rise to it. And were proud even to suffer little petty hardships for the country's sake.

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BUT now . . . whoever *can* get up any kind of enthusiasm of self-sacrifice over a sort of sullen suicidal civil war, whichever way you balance the pros and the cons? And with nothing to support and sustain you, so to speak, they really seem ever so much more of a worry than before—these rules and restrictions that we thought we'd had our full share of and waved a glad good-bye to and a final peacetime farewell.

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THEY'VE even—for another war-time revival—been holding flag-days again, or, anyway, trying to, here in London now. But the flag-day spirit, too, methinks, is dead. In vain is the flag tray invitingly spread and the *ingénue* frock seductively donned to capture the passer-by. The meekest and timidest male no longer trembles before the flag-seller's smile. He does not even attempt to slip unobtrusively past or evade her eye. Drawing himself up to his full height he looks her straight in the face, and if she still ventures to offer her wares, replies firmly and decisively with a cold and uncompromising "No!" Deeds such as this would, but a short year or two ago, have earned, even if they did not actually win, the V.C

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WITH Parliament sitting again and our extended summer-time come to an end at last, London really has filled up and is herself again (as far as Labour will allow her), all ready for the autumn fray. Plunged well in already, in fact, she has, and chucking about more busily than ever the ball of pleasure as well as work. Very latest rendezvous for indulging in the lighter of which pastimes, by the way, is the perfectly good "roof-garden" place they've just opened at the Criterion for them who dine-and-dance.

"And we did (all except a few) rise to it"

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PICTURE to yourself a big, high-ceilinged room, only the ceiling and the walls are hidden by canvas of a lovely, deep, rich Italian blue. Glimpses of fountains and cypresses in the background, soft lights, arboured tables, a new and wonderful American band to take you round the floor, *and* the dinner. . . . . Well, if you haven't imagination enough to imagine yourself at Como (as per schedule) you feel you're, anyway, somewhere just as good, if not better—for the Italian lakes do have rather a way, don't they, of growing just a shade chilly as the year draws to its close?

"A cold and uncompromising 'No'"

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LATEST mode, you know, is all for combining food and dancing, and bringing them as near together as possible. And very sensible too, what? Especially seeing that under the Pussyfoot rules that are another of our War relics, food *is* now our only wherewithal to repair the waste of tissue, or whatever the doctors call it, caused by a whole long night's strenuous dancing. And at the Grafton, for instance, it's made all the difference, somehow, bringing the supper to the dancers instead of *vice versa*, and lining the big dancing-room with smart little tables (decorated by Gunter), whence we can dance between sandwiches without the old-time procession at intervals to the supper-room.

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

TALKING of dancing places, the Savoy, of course, now has Sherbo's famous American band that was at the Piccadilly—and its followers, equally, of course, have trooped in its train. And about American dances . . . quite one of the intriguingest things yet (to us dull Britishers), the U.S. manner of communal dancing as seen at the opening of the British-American Dance Club's season last week on that perfectly lovely floor at the Suffolk Galleries, which, I think, is usually the H.Q. of the New Carlton.

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Apropos de guerre, by the way, "There are still wars on, you know, Blanchette," writes a Major of the Sikhs from Anatolia. "This particular war is *finis*, and most of us are off to pastures new. Mespot and Waziristan are still going strong. The latter is one of the most godless spots in the wide world—I wonder whether the people at home have any idea how many have gone West there, or what a hell-on-earth it can be in the hot weather?

"The Roof Garden they've just opened at the Criterion"

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"DOES anyone in England remember the hospitals these days, Blanchette, and do any of the officers and men who every week are being invalided from the middle and further East get the gifts of flowers, books, smokes, etc., that were so freely lavished on them from 1914 to 1919? I wonder. Yet it is the same old war, and we have officers who left school for service five years ago, and who have never been home yet, and when they leave must cough up £100 or more for passages!

"DO you know, our men haven't been home for years, and yet there's never a grouse. Who realises that since the Armistice our Sikhs, Gurkhas, Dogras, Rajputs, Jats, and Punjabis, and others, have kept the flag flying from Stamboul to Peshawar and beyond—while their British comrades have been demobbed right and left, gone home and come out again? I do think we owe them a big debt.

卐 卐

"WELL, Blanchette, thank God, anyway, that you have kept the spirit of Blanche alive in your pen. When she and Eve together went to join all those gallant souls whose joys and sorrows she portrayed so faithfully, was there one Navy or soldier man who didn't put down his smoke or his drink when he read of her death, and give a thought to the gay comrade who had gone? But, Blanchette, THE BYSTANDER hasn't let us down, and 'little Blanche' keeps us happy and amused, and doesn't forget an occasional drop of bitters in the ink. Keep it up, Blanchette. There are still wars on, as I said, and numerous messes hungering for news of the little old town."

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IT leaves me nothing to say, does it—except that to be deemed even distantly worthy to follow Blanche fills my soul with sad pride.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Photograph] MAURICE AND LEONORA HUGHES IN A NEW BALLROOM DANCE AT THE SAVOY [*Topical*

These two talented dancers are now giving demonstrations at the Savoy of their new ballroom dances. They are here seen in an attractive pose during one of the dances. They are accompanied by the famous Sherbo's American Band. It is refreshing in these days to find two exponents of new types of dancing who favour the "quiet" style, which has, unfortunately, been so long out of fashion

"The Beggars' Opera"

BY HELEN McKIE

IMPRESSIONS OF THE LYRIC (HAMMERSMITH) PRODUCTION

Which has for some time been drawing all London to the "Far West-End"

What They Really Say

No. II.—A SUNDAY IN THE "COUNTRY"

BY DELL LEIGH

It's quite easy. You can go by Tube all the way, it says so. Change at Edgware Road."

"Yes, but do we take lunch?"

"Cheese and biscuits, and an apple, in two little parcels in our pockets."

"What about drinks?"

"Oh, get one at a Pub, come on..."

"What's this place, Willesden? But this isn't country."

"No-o-o, but we're out in daylight, anyway, did you notice, coming up the gradient from the Tube tunnel? Rather picturesque now. What?"

"M—m. Good many semi-detacheds going up, and hoardings. 'Something Estate' for sale—eligible freehold properties."

"I know. But the further you go, of course...."

"H'—m. The Yorkshire Moors for example."

"Oh, well, if you're going to be sarcastic...."

"Hullo! what this? Challoner's Park? They seem to play golf here. What about getting out? Nice park down there."

"Righto, buck up then."

"I take it we *can* go this way. It *says* private park to Club House, but ...."

"Certainly not, we don't belong—, it's trespassing."

"H—m. Well, we must stick to the road."

"I can smell London here, pouf, no fresh air at all."

"You can see it over there in the haze, that's worse. Let's cut into this field."

"Good many people come here apparently. Bits of paper all along the hedge. And there's a knot of youths down there playing on a mouth organ. Let's squat down here and eat the cheese. Mine's all squashed, anyhow."

"Heavens! I'm thirsty, aren't you?"

"Yes, I haven't seen a Pub anywhere, and I bar a 'Cyclists' Rest,' what?"

"There's a place looks like a farm over there. I suppose they'll give us some water, won't they? We'll try." (They do.)

"Well, what did she say?"

"You'll never guess. Said she's lost things like that before. Well I'm——."

"I'm sick of these hoardings, and 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.' We'll walk along the edge of the links, come on."

"We don't seem very popular here. See that old man glare on the tee?"

"Can't help it, that so-called country lane is *too* much."

"Why shouldn't we walk on this grass, anyhow? It's the only grass there is. I imagine we get in the way of their shots."

"But they don't hit to square leg, do they?"

"Evidently."

"I'll go back to the road if you like, but about thirty cars have passed since we left it, and the dust rises indignantly to heaven."

"You must come away from these links. You'll only get depressed if you see other people playing."

"I vote we go home to tea. Wake me up at Edgware Road...."

"Here we are, pull yourself together. . . ."

"By Jove, London smells good. Much cooler, too. Any beer in the flat?"

"I'm not sure. I think you left a little last night."

"Oh, shut up, you mean to say there's not plenty? How careless you are."

"Well, there's tea and marmalade."

"So there is. Tea in the big cups, eh?"

"I vote we don't do that again, don't you?"

"No, rather not. Here's an Inner Circle train, thank Heaven!"

THE OPTIMIST — By Joseph Lee

DISGRUNTLED ANGLER: "Not a bite all morning: the blamed fish aren't rising"
CHEERY ONE: "Well, thank goodness we've found something that isn't, nowadays!"

Backs to the Wall

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"What do ye reckon you'd do if there were another war, 'Arry?"
"I dunno—be somebody else's next of kin, I think!"

Photograph **THE AMAZONS OF POLAND** *Central News*

Soldiers of the Polish Women's Corps marching through the streets of Cracow

Der (Be-damned-er) "Beamter"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

POST-WAR Germany has no Wilhelm-the-Wicked, no House of Lords, none of the other obsolete *Herrlichkeiten* of Hohenzollernism. It is radically changed. But one thing has changed for the worse. That is the Herr Beamter. The Bureaucrat! The pre-War Beamter was not a patch on the post-War Beamter. The pre-War Beamter was powerful, the post-War Beamter is omnipotent; the pre-War Beamter was obtrusive, the post-War Beamter is pestilent; the pre-War Beamter was a snail, the post-War Beamter is a South-Coast express. After a day with the old Beamter you felt the need of a gin and bitters; after merely half an hour with the new Beamter nothing short of a whole whisky bottle will restore your life.

WAR "liberated" Germany from the Hohenzollerns. It put her under about a million Hohenzollernlets. Every post-office, police-station, taxation-department teems with scores of Kaiserkins who treat the public in a way which Wilhelm-the-Wicked in his hoity-toitiest hours never dreamed of. Insolence goes inversely with rank. The more "Democratic" the Beamter is, the smaller his job, the shinier his coatsleeves, the more unmistakably paperiferous his dicky—the more outrageous he is.

WHAT A SHAME!

Poor fellow! He should be on top after having had the misfortune to lose the war

From "Kladderadatsch"

The worst Beamters, in fact, perch on stools in brand-new "Democratic" institutions; and if you want civility or moderate speed you must go to pre-War offices where the old-fashioned Wilhelmian Beamter still reigns supreme.

THE Prussic Post-Office Beamter is changed. He is not as peremptory as in pre-War days, when he was usually an ex-non.-com., exalted to rank of "subaltern official" as reward for serving in the Army beyond his compulsory two years. The new P.O. Beamter does not slam the *Schalter* in your face. He is merely an unwashed pedant, disorderly, dilatory, and blessed with a pathological mania for raising points. No day passes without the B.-in-B.'s office boy returning with the tale that a P.O. Beamter has refused to take a telegram addressed "Unter den Linden, W.," because the B.-in-B. omitted to indicate whether Unter den Linden is in Berlin, W., or in Ballinasloe, W., or with a tale that the Beamter rejected a parcel of BYSTANDERS addressed to the B.-in-B.'s blonde sweetheart in Stockholm, because the string-knots were not tied in accord with Paragraph 11734A of the Ninth Ordinance about Strings.

A "Prospekt" That Displeases

AND WHERE AT ANY RATE EVERY OTHER MAN IS VILE

TWO VIEWS OF THE NEVSKY PROSPEKT, ONCE THE FINEST EUROPEAN THOROUGHFARE

Those who knew Petrograd in the old days will look with sadness upon these pictures, which show the havoc that has been wrought in the Nevsky Prospekt since the coming of Lenin and Trotsky

Exclusive to THE BYSTANDER

DER (BE-DAMNED-ER) "BEAMTER" (concluded)

YOU cannot tire-out the new Beamter. When entering on tenantcy of a new flat, the B.-in-B. took over the former tenant's telephone. As condition of sanctioning this not overwhelming deal the Beamters demanded :

1. 90 Marks security.
2. A filled-up form from the departing tenant.
3. A filled-up form from the B.-in-B.
4. The B.-in-B.'s original tenantcy agreement.
5. A letter from the house-owner.
6. A formal signed acknowledgment that the telephone apparatus was really in the flat.

Owing to the B.-in-B.'s inability to fulfil demand No. 4 (he having bought the whole house), a two months' correspondence ensued. The P.O. bureaucrat demanded proof of the purchase ; and refused as invalid a signed declaration from the former house-owner. The B.-in-B. now tried humour. He fulfilled demand No. 4 by drawing up a tenantcy agreement letting the flat from himself (the house-owner) to himself (the tenant) ; signed the document twice, and sent it in. Back came a solemn reply that as this joke agreement was not stamped, it did not constitute legal proof.

A SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT Police President now sits in the Polizei-Presidium in Alexander-Platz where formerly reigned the tough Junkers Stubenrauch and von Jagow. As result of the change, the limited freedom of Wilhelmian days has disappeared. The new Police-Bureaucrats make their own laws ; and vomit daily decrees, regulations, injunctions, ordinances and warnings, sole aim of which is to waste the time of law-abiding citizens. The tame native Pruss never dares to tell the Socialist Police that they are engaged in illegal tricks, and may just go to the d——l. But Britons are doing that. The law, as before the Revolution, requires all citizens, Prussic or foreign, to register with the Police when they change their addresses. The Police are to-day flooding Berlin with green placards ordering all foreigners to register a second time ; otherwise they will be *strafed* and *ausgewiesen* (expelled !). This is a little illegal try-on by the police ; and neither could the order be enforced nor the *straf* threat executed. Yet thousands of timid Russians, Austrians, and other mild foreigners fly to obey it. When to the B.-in-B. came a demand to register a second time, he sent a polite letter asking on basis of what law the demand was made. He got no reply.

TO get out of Prussland, whether for native or alien, is as hard as to get into Paradise. The Socialistic Police, in defiance of their own Foreign Office, have managed to put through their claim to keep foreigners in Germany at will. As a rule, innocent foreigners don't realise that if they go to the F.O., or to their own Embassy, they will be advised to ignore the Police. Therefore days, sometimes weeks, are spent in fulfilling ten different formalities of three Departments. At Alexander-Platz the bureaucrats are rude to the verge of barbarism. The B.-in-B. himself heard a Beamter telling a lady, who wanted to leave Germany for two months in order to see her relatives, that she must return in six weeks, as "two months are too long a term for merely seeing one's relatives." And he knows a frightened "Woman from Russia" who, with all her papers in order, was delayed four weeks by formalities, the demand for which, as the B.-in-B. told her much to her surprise, were wholly unjustified in law.

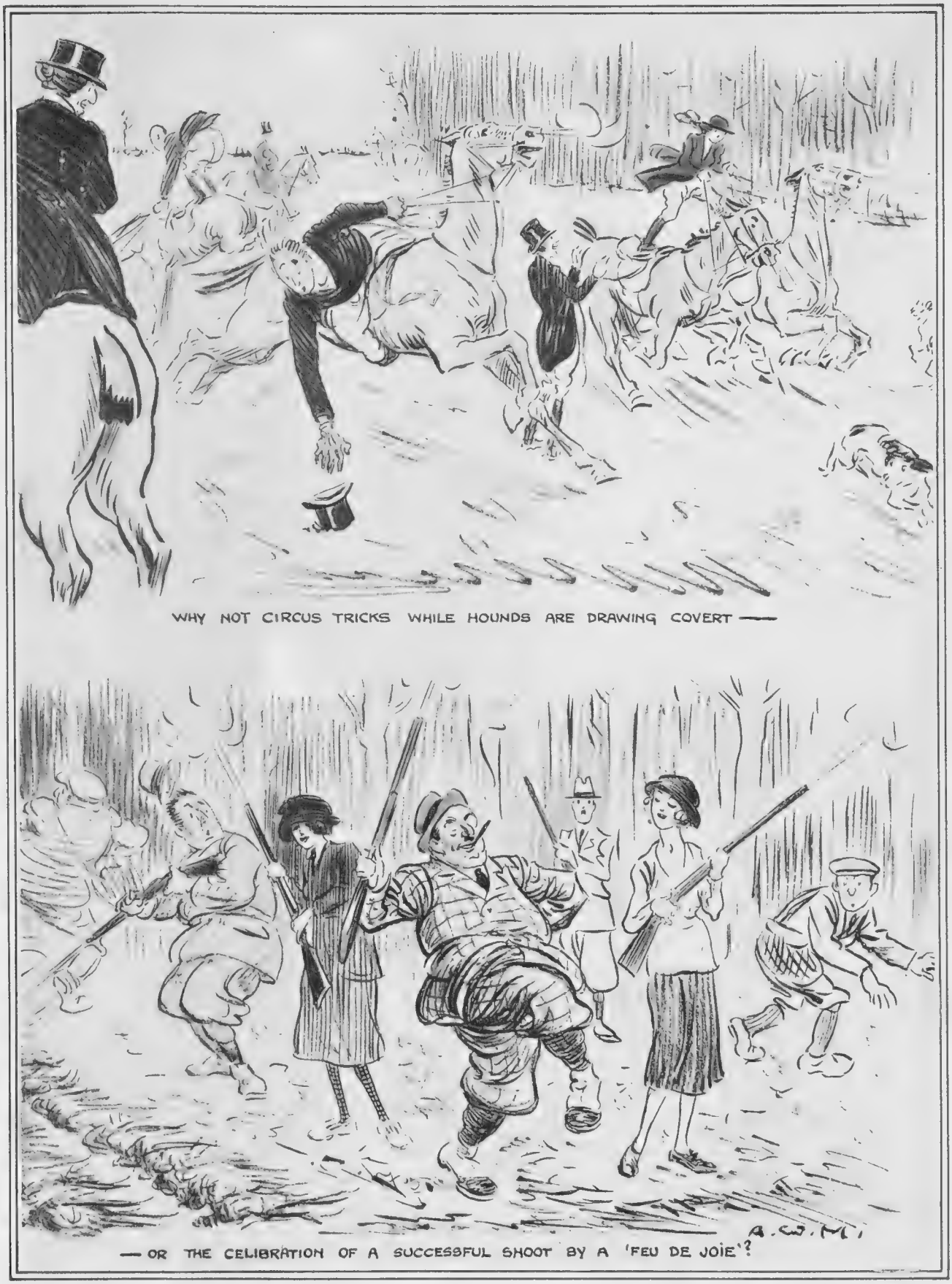
WONDERFUL ! By W. E. WIGFULL

HOUSEWIFE: "I can't afford to buy sugar at 1/2 a pound"
CONTROLLER: "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll increase your ration"

THE Bystander-in-Berlin has shown in many good-humoured letters that he finds no joy in censuring the beaten Pruss. In this matter he must tell the unattractive truth. If the old high-flying Beamter was a whip, the new, unwashed, Socialist-Democratic-Proletarian Beamter is a fifty-stinged scorpion.

Happier Hunting and Cheerier Shooting

TO ENLIVEN THE DULL MONOTONY OF STRIKE-TIME CONDITIONS



WHY NOT CIRCUS TRICKS WHILE HOUNDS ARE DRAWING COVERT ——

— OR THE CELIBRATION OF A SUCCESSFUL SHOOT BY A 'FEU DE JOIE'?

BY WALLIS MILLS

What with strikes and other delights of peace-time we seem to want cheering up. Perhaps the newly-rich who have suffered least would give us a lead—in the hunting-field or out shooting

From South America to the Ritz

Camera Portrait *By Hugh Cecil*

MADAME LAURKA DE KURYLO

As she appears in her new snake dance which she gave last week at Mr. C. B. Cochran's Red Cross matinée at the Pavilion Theatre. Madame da Kurylo comes from South America, and is to-night beginning a series of ball-room and classical dances at the Ritz Hotel

The Romantic Young Lady

AT THE ROYALTY

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

I THINK so excellent a play has not been seen in London for a very long while. The story is told with a perfect art, and the acting is on a very high level indeed. It is comedy in the Grand Manner; and though the comedy becomes farce for a moment now and then, there is a stateliness about the nonsense that gives it a dignity of its own. The Spanish author, Señor Martinez Sierra, through his English sponsors, Helen and Granville Barker, is very sure of himself. You have the sense of being entertained by a playwright who feels that he has you completely in his grasp. The leading parts are taken with a pleasing excellence by Mr. Dennis Eadie and Miss Joyce Carey; though Miss Mary Rorke gives a truly delightful picture of the cynical old lady, Doña Barbarita, who, while being necessarily a slave to the conventions, does not hesitate to criticise them with a caustic wit that is highly diverting. And Miss Barbara Gott, as an old family servant, is, in the flowery language of the day, perfectly priceless.

THERE is, for instance, Doña Barbarita's story of how she loved and lost her three husbands. She was a dutiful and deferential wife to each of them in turn, while at the same time she recognised their many failings. She mockingly recalls how madly jealous her first husband was of the man who became in due course the second, while he in his turn cordially detested the man who was, as the event proved, destined to be Number Three. And then we have Maria Pepa, who has been sixty years with her mistress, and identifies herself with the joys and sorrows of the house, wondering what will

(Continued on page 208)

A Fashion Forecast fo

"THINGS WILL BE MUCH TH

or the Winter Months

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

HE SAME—ONLY MORE SO"

happen when *our* three husbands run up to meet *us* in heaven. Rosario Castellanos is the granddaughter of Doña Barbarita, and she is what we should have called some years ago advanced in her ideas. Nowadays, I suppose, the mere longing for a latchkey, and the liberty to return home at any hour, and no questions asked, is very little more than what some would consider mid-Victorian. We have gone far since the day when a lady who travelled alone always rode in a four-wheeler because it was more respectable than a hansom.

JOYCE CAREY AS ROSARIO

DENNIS EADIE AS THE APPARITION

But we ought to get to the romantic part of the story. Given that a gentleman of breeding is to meet and chat with a lady of good family without the usual introduction, how are you going to set about it? Some authors would have banked on a casual civility in the train; but the trains in Spain are so slow that if such a chance acquaintance developed favourably it would be time for the wedding before the station was reached. Besides, this is a refreshingly old-fashioned atmosphere in spite of its occasional trifling with telephones and typewriters, which really ought to have been kept out of an entertainment that may be compared to rare old wine. The Señor Martinez Sierra adopts a method of bringing his principals together that might well have led a less adroit author to disaster. Rosario Castellanos sits up late reading a book by her favourite author, Luis Felipe de Cordoba, and rhapsodising over his stereotyped philosophy and trite aphorisms on the theme of romantic love. After a while she switches off the light, and almost at the same moment a man's straw hat sails in through the open window. She gives a light cry of alarm and listens. Surely enough the man climbs in after his hat, and Rosario, starting forward in the darkness, all but falls into his arms.

BARBARA GOTT AS MARIA PEPA

JOYCE CAREY AS ROSARIO

Rosario at once orders the man from the premises; and he explains that having recovered his hat he is most anxious to depart with all apologies, but the fact is that one strand of Rosario's hair is caught in his sleeve-links and another in his collar-stud. All that he can suggest therefore is that they should hobble together towards the switch so that they may have the necessary light to enable them to see their way out of the accidental entanglement. It is to the credit of all concerned that such a nonsensical improbability is accepted as an ordinary complication that might have happened to anybody. As soon as the Apparition, as he is called on the programme, has released the strands of hair, Rosario begs that he will now depart at once. But there is another difficulty in the way. The *concierge* of the house opposite is watching that open window, and if the Apparition were to be

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

seen leaving, the lady would obviously be compromised. Rosario acknowledges the truth of this in a bitter comment: She would have the world's affairs so arranged that if she should choose to climb through the window into a man's room, it should be he that would be compromised and not herself. I expect it will come to that one of these days. You see!

PRESENTLY there is the sound of someone approaching the room from another part of the house, and the Apparition bolts through the window, leaving his hat behind him, but taking with him one of Rosario's slippers that he found on the floor. Rosario's Grandma and her brothers arrive on the scene to find out who it is that she is entertaining at that late hour. Also where is her other slipper? And there is a man's hat on the chair, a circumstance which certainly wants more explaining away than it usually gets with any kind of success. Rosario at once picks up the hat and pitches it out of window. By return of post, as it were, her shoe comes back, and then the family not unnaturally want to learn all about this exciting new game. Rosario is just thinking of a convincing explanation when it occurs to her to faint away instead. This she does to the obvious delight of Doña Barbarita, who had been afraid that the very well-bred young lady had entirely overlooked what the etiquette of her class demanded of her in such very awkward circumstances.

BEFORE the Apparition left he gave Rosario to understand that he was intimately acquainted with her favourite author Luis Felipe de Cordoba, and in proof of his assertion he writes her a letter of introduction to the great man who, it seems, is in need of a lady secretary. In the second act, we learn that the Apparition is really de Cordoba himself, so that it is abundantly clear that Rosario is armed with a really first-class recommendation for the post she is seeking.

IT is in this scene, the study of the great author, that we meet a gentleman of the name of Don Juan de Medina, who in the words of one of the players seems anxious to emulate his Byronic prototype. He is, indeed, a model flirt. He blows kisses over his finger-tips, sings a snatch of a love-song, and bows with an infinite grace, the model of the irresistible, self-satisfied lady-killer. The character is represented with a singular ability by Mr. A. Scott-Gatty. But it is Mr. Eadie and Miss Carey who dominate the situation most completely. Miss Carey contrives to make even her indignant protests amusing, and the quiet humour of her acting is most convincing. Mr. Eadie, smiling and suave, is the ideal *caballero* of gentle speech and politely assertive manner. I found the play exquisite to a degree, and vastly entertaining besides.

JINGLE

Wine-Making, Peace-Making, and Pussyfoot

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

PEOPLE sometimes seem surprised to see American uniforms in Rhineland, and wonder why they are here. It is, of course, because the great American-German War is not yet concluded. The reason for that is not the unkind one sometimes given in Cologne, that the Americans, not desiring to be behind us in the total of service chevrons earned, are working overtime to make up for a late start, nor is the German explanation true, that the Yanks on the Rhine are not really American soldiers, but parties of "rubber-necks" who are put into khaki and relieved monthly, thus "doing" Europe without being "done" on the scale specially arranged for them in Europe generally. The Bystander in Occupation, being in the secrets of the American High Command, is in a position to give the real reason why this War continues, and Coblenz devastated daily by jazz bands. It is because King Pussyfoot rules in New York and King Bacchus in Rhineland.

COBLENZ is the centre of the wine district, and the thirsty Yankee has just now the chance to see the festival of King Bacchus' annual coronation. Already the vineyards are closed to all except their owners, and public paths leading through them are barred. For along the sleepy Mosel, amongst the rich plateaus of the sun-baked Rheingau, as throughout lesser vineyard districts, the grape has suddenly become sacred.

"The Yanks on the Rhine"

THE vintage season is almost here. Something vital there is in the religion of Bacchus which preserves old time customs in some completeness, even in these modern times. Daily during the few days' harvest the bells of the little village churches ring, as the vintage progresses, till the last grape is plucked and the last cart crowned with wreaths of grapes and vine leaves tied with gay ribbons. The joyous procession winds its way down the mountain paths, a waggon load of happy lads and lasses bringing up the rear with mandoline and guitar, the cliffs resounding to old-time songs of wine and the Rhine.

IT is at night that King Bacchus is really crowned, at the village dance and wine-feast. For once the wine literally flows freely, for no vineyard owner would accept payment from his workers on this night. Maidens in picturesque costume, green skirts, tight-laced corsages, and girdled with vine leaves dance with youths attired in the old national costume of Rhineland till the sun comes up glowing over the purple hills. The queen of the feast is she who during the day was selected by the youths to pluck the final grape. She presides, a modern Bacchanal, over the scene of revelry enthroned (when neither dancing nor sitting out) on a mighty cask.

CAN Germany expect that from such a land, the thirsty Yank will ever pack up his tents and depart? If she is ever to have peace with Columbia, she must let Rhineland's grapes rot on their stalks. But perhaps the easiest way for Germany to end this War is the use of "hyphenated" influence in the States to dethrone King Pussyfoot.

ERIC GORDON.

"Old-time songs of wine and the Rhine"

By H. L. OAKLEY

"Waiting for a Rise"

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

A FAIR DISCIPLE OF ISAAC WALTON

Having a last cast in her favourite pool before the beginning of close-time for salmon-fishing

Have You Seen This One?

Photograph *Ernest Brooks*

A REMINISCENCE OF THE PRINCE'S TOUR

He is here seen out tarpon fishing at Colon on his way home, and is seated on the knees of Lord Louis Mountbatten. The other two of his friends are officers of H.M.S. Renown

The Bystander in Paris

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin.

"As faithful as most French husbands"

MES AMIS—

FOR one whole week I have been living *la vie bourgeoise*. Let me introduce to you the family. There is first Madame Paulet, who has had the distinction to have seen Louis Philippe and to have lived through all the time of Napoleon III. and the war of 1870. In most of the families of our *bourgeoisie* there are old ladies like Madame Paulet. They are the grandmothers of everyone, and they have somehow the secret to live for ever. All the time they knit and on Sunday they go to Mass, and by the time they die, if it should ever happen, their daughters are so old that they succeed at once to the position, and one does not notice that there is any change.

THE next of our family are M. and Madame Martel. Madame is the daughter of Madame Paulet, and Monsieur, who is, of course, called Charles, is therefore her son-in-law. There is about them this thing which is an exception that though they have been married for thirty years, my good friends, the Martels have still emotion in their affection, and they

"A *DOT* OF TWO MILLION"

are not entirely what is so common in our French families partners who like each other but love somewhere else. Monsieur has had the fortune to inherit well from his parents, and Madame has had a *dot* that was sufficient that she should marry well in her class. What more does one want to make an excellent marriage? But, as I say, these two have also the fortune to regard each other with emotion and to be blind to the faults of the other, instead of knowing only the virtues, which is the case when one does not love.

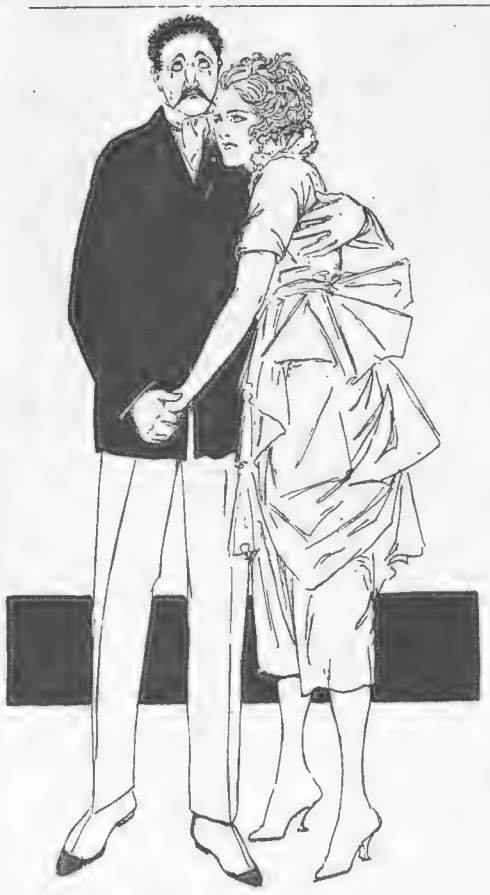
OF their family they have two sons, of whom the ages are twenty-eight and twenty-four. Now it is of these I would write to tell to you how sad a thing is the youth of France, because our parents love us so much that always they wish to plan for us and not to let us plan for ourselves. It has been André, the eldest son, who has been my

"He has turned the pages when Mademoiselle has played a little piece"

friend at school and in the regiment, who has asked me to spend with the family a week at their country villa. "*Mon vieux*," he has written, "I have terrible difficulties. Again my mother has found for me a wife who has a *dot* of half a million, and this time I cannot refuse. But you know how I love my little Suzanne. It will not be very pleasant for you to have our family discussions all the time, but come, and we two and Jean can at least go shooting some of the time."

ONE does not desert a comrade at such a time of crisis, and, of course, I have gone. The night I was arrived was the night that Mademoiselle with the big *dot* should come with her parents to dinner. It was on this night, after that their parents should have arranged the matter, that it is our convention that the poor André should be struck with a blow of lightning, and should immediately declare that for him it is not possible that he should wish another wife.

ONE is polished, one does not wish to offend, but for me here I confess that I have been glad that it has not been me who has been chosen to marry the *dot* of half a million. Oh, how we speak of the hypocrisy of the English,



"My poor Suzanne!"

and what terrible hypocrites we are ourselves in these affairs. The poor André, who has a really great ability for music, has turned the pages when Mademoiselle has played her little piece. Then his mother has looked at him. On the front he won the red ribbon of the Legion, but how at once he trembled before that look, and said how sympathetic and how *spirituelle* Mademoiselle has played. In my corner I have blushed, and Jean has quite suddenly gone out of the room.

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AFTERWARDS what a scene there has been. At once Madame has begun the battle with praise of the *jeune fille*, and how not only was she so accomplished but also a *femme d'intérieure* of all the virtues. It has been to her the surprise that her family should be content to have André for her husband because he is an architect without great fortune. To-morrow, she had arranged it, André and his father should go to the house of the *jeune fille* and demand formally for her hand. "*Mon fils, mon fils*, how I am happy," she said, and she and the old Madame Paulet have kissed everyone and gone to bed.

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IT has been then the turn of André. "Remember that there is half a million," Jean and I have reminded him, but he was inconsolable. "My poor Suzanne, my poor Suzanne!" was all that he could think to say, and he has sat with his head in his hands and groaned. Perhaps you think it foolish. "What a silly young man of twenty-eight," you say, "to marry because his mother says he must." You would not have thought so in half an hour when Madame came back. Something terrible had happened. She has gone to the room of André to brush the clothes with which he should go the next day to the ceremony of the *fiançailles*. She has looked in the pockets. She has found a love letter from Suzanne such as a girl does not write in France till after she is married.

⌒

MADAME was arrived in her dressing-gown and with her hair in the pins that make the curls of the daytime. As a dress it has been most effective, because it has reminded me of the witches of Macbeth. For ten minutes she has spoken, and it has been useless that we should try to interrupt her. Even the poor Charles Martel has stood in a corner and looked frightened. For me, I have decided to live a celibate and to give no poor Frenchman of the future a French mother. Of her discourse there is not much that will well translate into English that is *convenable*. But of it I will say this, that to a Frenchwoman it is of no account that one should have a mistress. That, indeed, is to be expected. But that a young man should love his mistress when there is a wife with half a million of *dot* whom his mother has chosen for him, that is a crime more serious than anything except matricide.

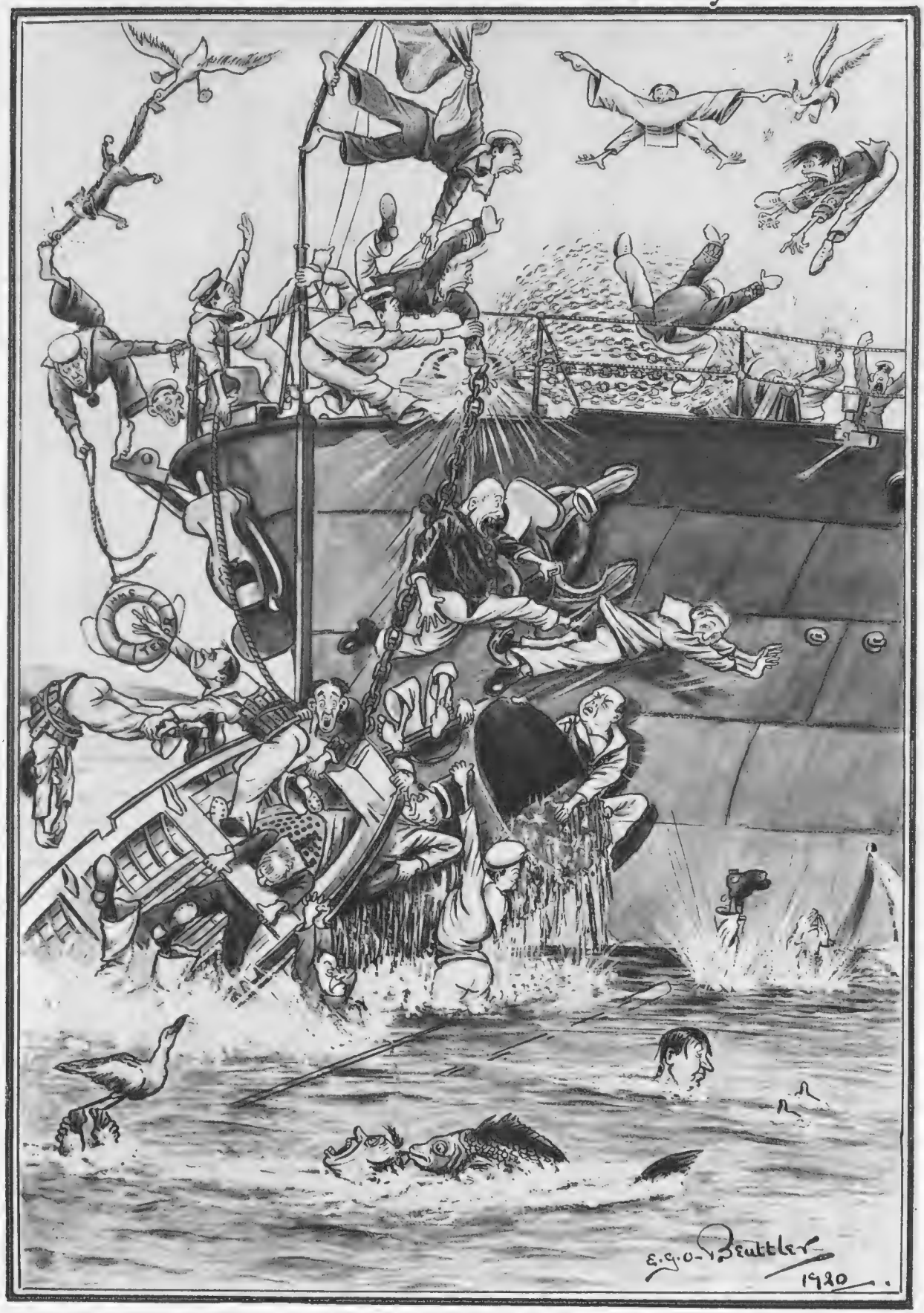
⌒

IF Madame had not married the old Charles she would have made for herself a reputation at the Halles in argument. And, my friends, listen, this is the sequel of my story of the life *chez la bourgeoisie*. About midnight I have heard André depart on his motor-cycle in the direction of Paris. He has not said, but I knew how he had gone to say farewell to his Suzanne. The next day when he has gone with his father to declare to his bride with half a million of *dot* how great was his passion, she has believed that he was pale with his emotion about her. For me, I suppose that he will be as faithful as most French husbands, but more than ever I am glad that I have an English woman for my mother and do not live the life of our good *bourgeoisie* with a grandmother of eighty who once saw Louis Philippe to add her authority to a terrible tradition.

PHILIPPE

"For ten minutes she has spoken"

Our Peace-Time Navy



BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. III.—MOORING H.M.S. TERROR—A MONITOR

"ANCIENT LIGHTS"

BY WILMOT LUNT

By W. PETT RIDGE *Illustrated by FRANK R. GREY*

"WALTER BAYNARD," said the anxious-looking passenger in the morning train to Liverpool Street, "you are a relative of mine. I want to put one simple question; can you also prove yourself a friend?"

"Henry Wiltshire," replied the other, frankly, "it depends entirely on the amount."

"I have no desire," said Wiltshire, "to borrow anything from you but an act of kindness. You and I each married a young lady from one family. They were—and I admit are—sisters. At the time of the double wedding, it was reckoned that my wife had chosen the better path in selecting a professional man; that is to say, an insurance clerk."

"Hints to the effect were thrown out at the breakfast."

"The people who threw them out ought to have been themselves thrown out. Anyhow, a good deal has changed since then. Baynard, you have done well, uncommonly well, in the wholesale clothing."

"I don't complain."

"It isn't for you to cherish any grievance," argued Wiltshire. "That's my privilege. If you knew the way my wife carries on whenever she receives a communication from your wife, you would recognise that I have excuse for grousing. The latest is that you think of taking a larger house. Now, I put the challenge squarely. Are you prepared to give up, relinquish or cancel this idea?"

"I am not."

"Blast!" ejaculated the insurance clerk. And, with a sigh, took up his newspaper.

His brother-in-law made an attempt to imitate the example, but it appeared that the effort was not altogether successful; he eyed his relative over the top of the journal in a sympathetic and perturbed manner. At a station, a railway official appeared and demanded sight of tickets. Two of the passengers in the compartment were called on to pay excess, and of these, Henry Wiltshire was one, and he handed over the cash with every indication of reluctance; his relative, like most of the others, was able to display a season-ticket of a satisfactory colour and bearing a suitable inscription. As the train went on, the second offender declaimed loudly against the insufficiency of third class accommodation.

"I," said Henry Wiltshire, taking up conversation again with an effort, "had a special reason for wishing to travel up in your company, Walter, this morning. I was half hoping that if I made a well-worded appeal to you as man to man, you might have done something to help me out of my serious difficulty. Mind you, I don't blame my missus. She's a dear little woman, and we've got two jolly little children, and some people would say that we ought to be perfectly happy. And perfectly happy we should be if only——. Well, it began with the grand piano."

"I didn't want it," declared Walter Baynard, earnestly. "I assure you, Henry, old man, a grand piano is the last thing I wanted. I fall over it every time I go into the room. But the wife seemed rather keen on having one, and, expense being no object, why, I just went and bought one. It only ran me into two-twenty-five."

"Upon that," said Henry Wiltshire, formally, "came the news of the seal coat."

"The seal coat was perhaps a bit of extravagance. But, mark you, I got it at wholesale price. If you at any time should think of making a similar present, I should be only too glad to give you my card——"

"Great Heavens," cried the other, explosively, "do you know what my salary is? You talk lightly of disbursements of this

THE COMPARATIVE DEGREE (continued)

nature, but have you any notion of the sum I take home with me on the last Friday of each month ?" The two heads came near and passengers in the compartment, with the best will in the world, could not ascertain the figures quoted.

"That," conceded Walter Baynard, "doesn't go too far in these days."

"It allows precious little, I assure you, for seal coats and grand pianofortes. But that isn't all. There's the trip to Yorkshire, when you took your fair partner with you, and finished up with a week at Harrogate. There's the diamond necklace. There's the new corner seat for the drawing-room. There's the conservatory. There's——"

"You seem to have been kept pretty well informed concerning any additions and improvements."

"A jolly sight too well informed."

"A pity women can't keep quiet about these matters."

"You have to take them as they are," said Henry Wiltshire. "Your wife probably doesn't imagine the envy and the jealousy that she is creating. Just lately, I've had nothing at home in the shape of talk which didn't have reference to the way you, my dear chap, have progressed, and I have remained almost stationary. The wife isn't in the least envious about other married women, excepting her sister. It's the fact that her sister is enjoying all this good fortune, which seems to nark her. And I did think—at any rate I had some glimmering of a hope—that you would be able to suggest something, or devise a plan, or arrange a scheme whereby I could be allowed to enjoy the peace of mind, and the calm domestic surroundings which once——" The train pulled up at the platform of Liverpool Street.

"At the moment," admitted the brother-in-law, "I can't think of any solution. But come over and have a bit of dinner with us this evening, and bring the wife."

"It will mean an all night debate afterwards when we reach home," said Wiltshire, dismally "Half past seven ?"

"Make it a quarter past."

The Wiltshires travelled that evening, partly by omnibus and partly by train. The journey was not shortened by the circumstance that few words were exchanged on the way until the two left the railway station, and began the ten minutes walk. Then Mrs. Wiltshire, at the sight of large houses, and at the thought of being called on to inspect new treasures at her sister's establishment, started to talk with the fluency that is, in the main, a gift, but can be improved by resolute practice.

"There's no doubt something in what you say, dear," agreed Wiltshire. And,

"What you are stating is a plain fact." And,

"I think you are absolutely right."

If the intention, in thus furnishing cordial agreement, was to conciliate and appease the lady, it failed now, as it had failed before. Every man can give advice to other men, and I have an idea—but I may be wrong—that Wiltshire would have done better to dispute some of the arguments, and to have supplied a touch of contentiousness to the discussion. When Mrs. Wiltshire, after blaming everybody, began to condemn herself, he did oppose her views. With all deference, he submitted that she had no right to assume that her companionship brought ill-luck; ill-luck was much too harsh a description of the Wiltshires' life, and the Wiltshire household. He pointed out that their income happened to be sufficient for comfort, though it did not permit of extravagance; they had two dear children whose deportment, excepting for a craving in the direction of marmalade at breakfast, might be regarded as near to complete goodness. Mrs. Wiltshire, slightly cheered, was reciting a *bon mot* spoken by her small boy at tea that afternoon, when they entered the broad carriage drive of the Baynard's house. The way to the door was impeded by a magnificent car, and in noting this Mrs. Wiltshire gave a quick ejaculation of dismay and irritation. She followed this with an estimate of value.

"Fifteen hundred pounds," she whispered. "Fifteen hundred, if a penny."

"They are dearer than they used to be," he mentioned, vaguely.

"Helen," she said, with vehemence, "is a fortunate woman, and no mistake."

It seemed that a mistake did exist, for Mrs. Wiltshire, in the hall, on endeavouring to offer congratulations to her sister, was told that the car belonged to the Chiswells who had just arrived, and were to be the other guests at dinner. Mr. Chiswell was a business friend, paying, with his wife, a first visit to the Baynard establishment, and Mrs. Baynard, in a confidential undertone, that included a suggestion of irascibility, said Mr. Chiswell was simply made of money. The host appeared, and Henry Wiltshire took him aside.

"Why," he demanded, "didn't you give me a hint, Walter, that it was to be evening dress ?"

"Hadn't any suspicion of it myself," declared the brother-in-law, "until I saw the Chiswells get out of their car. Then I dashed into my room, and changed as quickly as I could."

"My wife won't be too well pleased. There is nothing which exasperates a woman so much as to find that——"

Mrs. Chiswell descended the staircase, and conversation on the topic of apparel had to cease. She was a tall person, and inclined to bulkiness, and her gown, pearls, and general appearance enabled her to give the commanding impression that a leading lady in melodrama conveys when she comes on in Act One, Scene Two. The resemblance happened to be accentuated by the fact that Mrs. Chiswell had a great deal to say, and lost no time in beginning to say it. Mr. Chiswell, who was about half her height and breadth, had less than half of her talking powers; when, in the space which occurred ere dinner was announced, he was called upon once to furnish corroboration to some announcement, he supplied it dutifully. At the table, the hostess made an attempt to direct conversation by alluding to a recent purchase effected, at her command, by Mr. Baynard, and found herself swept aside by the important guest. The Chiswells, it appeared, had been rich for but a couple of years, and Mrs. Chiswell's enjoyment of the new position was still fresh and

(Continued on page 282)

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Poor old England, you hear, is gradually losing her choicest books. Ever since Quaritch set out to be the greatest bookseller in the world, London has been the centre of the book market — but will it last? Probably New York will step into the first position very soon. It is a pity, but it cannot be helped. And there are compensations. If you read a book like Mr. A. E. Newton's *The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections* (Lane: 20*s.* net) you begin to understand that even in New York financial circles money is not everything. If only all collectors had Mr. Newton's enthusiasm and good taste, and could write about their treasures in so pleasant a manner! He is the most ardent of Johnsonians, he loves Trollope and Austen, he delights in Charles Lamb. Incunabula costing £20,000 are not for him, but special copies, beloved of their authors—"association books" such as will make every collector's mouth water when he reads about them.

❀ ❀

To some readers Mr. Newton's chapter on the barbarous "ring" practice will be the most interesting. It is a problem which no one has as yet been able to solve in this country. If a little group of professional buyers choose not to bid against one another until the auction proper is over, what can you do? It is, of course, grossly unfair on the owner, but even were all sorts of laws to be passed, how could you prevent any kind of private settlement amongst dealers? Mr. Newton can give no solution, though he shares the general disgust. You may not be fortunate enough to possess much of a library yourself, but if books ever give you a thrill, as they do—for you would not be reading this Log otherwise—you will enjoy this most delightful of volumes, which, when you consider its large number of illustrations, is comparatively cheap.

❀ ❀

Two first novels invite serious consideration. Of these the more original is C. E. Heanley's Cornish story, *The Granite Hills* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It relates a simple enough tale. To a remote village there has come a widow of gentle birth with an only daughter. Mrs. Wilmot has her garden, which apparently suffices, but Lilla wants something more. She wants love and romance, which show small signs of appearing. Of money there is practically none, and the parson is about the only male of her class in the district. In a sort of desperation she marries a small farmer just setting up for himself. The experiment is not a success, as you can easily imagine, but when her man is struck down Lilla shows grit. There comes a chance for the glitter and tinsel of romance, but the land had got into Lilla's blood, and the chance is not taken. She becomes so successful a farmer that not even her rather frightening mother-in-law—a great character this—can remain hostile. Very simple, you see, but sympathetically set out. It reads true, and is not marred by any of the Neo-Georgian eccentricities which so many young writers find "necessary" to their work.

❀ ❀

Mr. James Hilton, the author of the other first novel, *Catherine Herself* (Fisher Unwin, 8s. net), is still an undergraduate, and although since the War undergraduates are not necessarily so young as they were, the book, for this reason alone, may be called a remarkable performance. It is the full-blooded story of a girl of the suburbs who just misses being a great pianist, and, after a flight towards the heights, is wise enough to settle down into the position which I am sure should be hers. Catherine is selfish and occasionally stupid, though a likeable girl, and her career is sufficiently dramatic. The pity is that there is hardly a page which is not clearly derivative. When it is not Wells it is Bennett; when it is not Galsworthy or Cannan some other modern will lift up his head. On the other hand, Mr. Hilton has powers of his own. Vereker, the music-master, both rouses and satisfies your curiosity. Vereker is Hiltonian, but the others are not—not always, that is to say. I incline to believe that Catherine's successor will be altogether a more satisfactory

By Arthur Watts

DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS

No. III.—THE BORZOIS

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

person, and recommend you to read her author's first book in order to see whether you do not agree with my general verdict. At least you will see that it deserves to be judged by high standards.

⁂ ⁂

WHEN a man has fathered upon him any number of stories just because they are good, you may be sure that he has well earned the compliment. Probably more good stories are told of the late Sir Herbert Tree than of any of his contemporaries. Some are not true, though they ought to be. Others are, and you will find a fair sprinkling of them in *Herbert Beerbohm Tree; Some Memoirs of Him and His Life* (Hutchinson: 21*s.* net), collected by Max Beerbohm. It is just a warm-hearted book as its subject might have liked. Lady Tree and her daughters and Max show the family side, while the two Parkers, Edmund Gosse, and Bernard Shaw, to mention a few, show him from the outside. And you obtain a singularly complete view of the man. Theatrical biographies are generally true to a rather dull type. With Max in charge, however, you look for, and find, much better things. Tree has been saved from the official biographer, and for that you are grateful to Max and Lady Tree and the other contributors.

R. S.

EDWARD HERON ALLEN, ESQ., F.R.S., F.L.S., Etc.
The famous botanist and zoologist and past-president of the Royal Microscopical Society
From the painting by Richard B. Ogle exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1920

ONE of the most useful pocket-books for the "average man" is *Letts' Handyman's Diary* (2*s.* net), issued by Cassell and Co., which tells the householder how to do a large variety of things which a few years ago he would have called in professional workmen to do for him, but which, in these days of high labour charges, he is only too glad to be shown how to do for himself. It also contains many recipes which the handyman will find of the greatest use.

"House and Garden"

I have just received the first British edition (November) of *House and Garden*, published by the Rolls House Publishing Company. All lovers of houses and gardens, from the owner of a country mansion and broad acres to the possessor of a small suburban house, will find much of interest in this very charmingly got-up magazine. It is printed on art paper, is full of fine illustrations, and costs one shilling.

O.S.

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GAMES & PASTIMES

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

A GOOD TACKLE AND A GOOD PASS

In the Rugby Match between Surrey and the Eastern Counties at Richmond last Wednesday. A Surrey player, though strongly tackled, has thrown the ball accurately to a colleague, thus enabling him to get well away. Surrey won by 41 points to 5

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

The Almighty Dollar

ACCORDING to a cablegram published in London last week, the expenses of the American athletes who competed in the Olympic Games at Antwerp cost the American Olympic Committee £3,500. Moreover, the expenses of the Naval and Military competitors were paid by the Army and Navy, whilst in some cases manufacturers of bicycles and other paraphernalia used in the games paid the expenses of their users, and presumably these were additional to the £3,500 spent by the Committee.

Photograph *Sport and General*

C. C. AYLMER

The well-known English International Golfer who has been appointed Secretary of the Ranelagh Golf Club

The Lesson of 1920

AMERICA was easily the most successful nation at Antwerp, and these disclosures only serve to emphasise the truth of the proposition that success at the Olympic Games depends far more than it should upon £ *s. d.* We all know that America possesses some of the finest athletes in many branches of sport in the world, but she won by sheer weight of numbers and through being able to place in the field, and maintain, the largest and best-equipped army. In the Olympic Games of the future the thing that has obviously got to be done is to reduce to a minimum not only the number of different sports which appear on the programme, but also the number of competitors by which a nation may be represented in any given event. This is so obviously the chief lesson—though there are others—which the games of 1920 have taught us that the International Olympic Committee cannot afford to ignore it.

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. PEACOCK

Lady-champion of India at lawn tennis. She was one of the most prominent players in the Covered Court Tournament at Queen's Club last week

ATHLETICS

Exit the "Hammer"—

THE decision of the Joint Committee of the Oxford and Cambridge University Athletic Clubs to eliminate the Throwing the Hammer from the 1922 programme of the 'Varsity Sports will probably be received with almost universal approval, though a few tears may be shed by sticklers for the preservation of time-honoured institutions. Hammer throwing, as we all know, involves skill as well as strength, but the great objection to it lies in its unreality since the implement used—a weight at the end of a flexible wire—is in no sense a hammer, and, in fact, resembles nothing on earth but itself. Neither is it, in the ordinary acceptation of the term "thrown." It is not a particularly popular event with athletes, and to the ordinary public it represents the last word in dulness.

—Enter the Pole Jump

IN place of the Hammer it is proposed to have Pole Jumping, a most fascinating event both for competitors and onlookers. It is also possible that the number of events will be increased to eleven

(Continued on page 290)

Quintessence of the 'Quins

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

A Rugby football club with a distinguished history sometimes finds it difficult to live up to its reputation. The Harlequins, though not the great side that they once were, are still in the first flight of London "Rugger" teams, and with W. W. Wakefield, the International forward, as their captain and Adrian Stoop as their mentor (whom, with several other prominent Harlequins, our artist has caricatured on this page), they can be relied upon to maintain the Harlequin tradition for bright and brainy football

by the addition either of javelin-throwing or a 220 yards hurdle race. This will have the effect of greatly reducing the chances of the contest ending in a tie, a result which, however faithfully it may reflect the respective merits of the two sides, is somehow never quite satisfactory. If the programme is to be enlarged in the manner contemplated I give my vote for the 220 yards hurdle race.

LAWN TENNIS

Barren Honours

It seems difficult to get rid of the impression that the winners of the World's Covered Court Championships at Queen's Club last week, good players though they undoubtedly are, have gained these high-sounding titles somewhat on sufferance, for, although the entry included players of several different nationalities, it cannot be said that any nation was adequately represented, except, possibly, England. It is doubtful whether there are any covered court players in the world equal to the French—there are certainly none who are superior to them—and, consequently, a world's championship on covered courts without the leading Frenchmen is about as unconvincing as a world's championship on grass would be without the leading Americans and Australasians. Recent events would seem to confirm the view which I have always held that world's championships are not really wanted.

Photograph *Sport and General*

OWEN NARES

Winner of the Stage Golfing Society's Challenge Cup for players with a handicap of nine or less, which was recently competed for at Coombe Hill. His score was 82

"What's in a Name?"

There is an old saying that fine words butter no parsnips, and the name "World's Championships" did not (as it happened) justify the charge of 5*s.* for admission and another 5*s.* if you wanted a reserved seat. There was, in fact, a slump in the matter of onlookers, although things livened up a bit towards the close. For this the organisers of the tournament are hardly to be blamed. They expected, and prepared for, a big show, and having once made their arrangements and fixed their prices they were committed to them. But the entry, though large, was no stronger in reality than one sees at one of the Queen's Club's ordinary autumn meetings, and the public, fond as they may be of watching our crack players, were not prepared to pay an enhanced price for the privilege merely because they were battling for the championships of the world. H. S. S.

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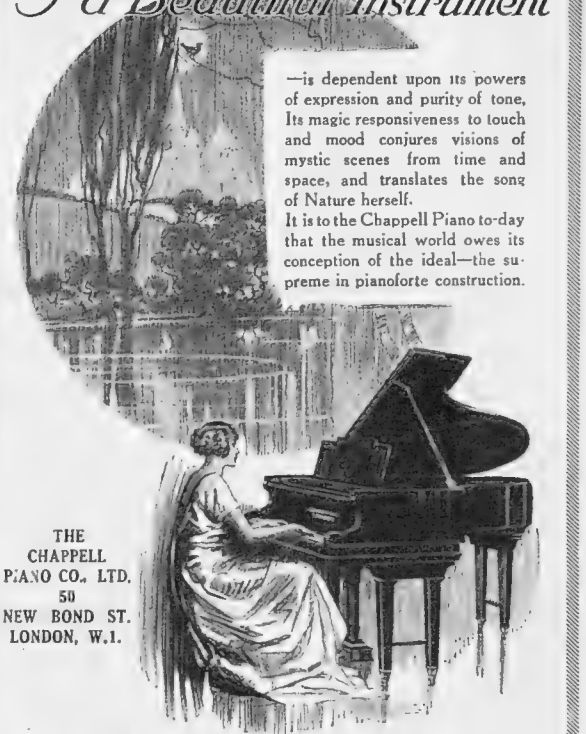
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EVERY woman is a milliner at heart. Every woman can apply her good taste and discrimination to designing a hat for the great new millinery competition which commences in November Daily Mail Fashions. A cash prize of £100 is offered and there is the added incentive that the winning design will undoubtedly set a vogue. No woman with ideas and good taste should miss the chance of entering for this competition. Get your copy of Daily Mail Fashions to-day, of all bookstalls and Newsagents, price 9d.

Two Free Patterns
Exclusive original designs by Miss Bessie Ascough the famous Daily Mail Artist and "Villiers" the brilliant Paris artist-correspondent appear in Daily Mail Fashions. Two of Miss Bessie Ascough's clever designs—a coat-frock, and a cover-all coat for a child—are the subject of patterns given **free** with the November issue. There are over 80 designs in all in this number, ranging from modes for matrons to baby wear.

Viola Tree on Dress
Miss Viola Tree has written an exclusive article for November Daily Mail Fashions on the "Art of Dress" and among many other fascinating features are:—"Dressing the Children" an exclusive interview with Miss Bessie Ascough. Pages of Designs for Evening Gowns —Fashions for smart occasions —Seven pages of Charming Children's Dress Designs. "Paris Fashions" by "Villiers" etc., etc.

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MADE UP TO SUIT ALL SKINS.

GANESH SPECIAL EASTERN CREAM to use with the oil. Keeps the skin soft and supple and is a splendid skin food. Price **2/6, 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.**

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RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

"Out of Work"

YES, those who derive their livelihood from racing are out of work all right. The chief sufferers, of course, are the owners, who have their horses eating their heads off and training bills mounting up without the chance of getting a penny back. What a hullabaloo would have been created a few years ago if racing had been cut out in the unconcerned manner in which it was suspended at the outset of the coal trouble. But since the War we have come to look upon these matters from a different point of view. We became so used to seeing our sports rigidly controlled by the Government during those times of national stress that we don't venture to raise a whimper when the cancellation of some of the best meetings of the season is ordered. I suppose the suspension of racing was necessary in view of the grave issues at stake, and I shall be in the minority in expressing a doubt whether the nation would have been a whit the worse off if the Sandown fixture had been brought off last week-end.

Carry On, Ireland!

THERE is a touch of irony in the accounts of Irish racing which are reported in the sporting papers. The Government were prompt enough to stop all the English meetings. They did not waste a moment. But, of course, it was a case of "Hands off Ireland!" I assume the authorities thought there might be a little trouble in Ireland if they had sought to abandon the Curragh meeting last week. It is just war-time experience over again; no sport in England, but in the "distressful" isle—oh! yes, everything as usual. No matter that the preservation of coal stocks is just as vital there as it is here. You must on no account interfere with the liberties of Irish sporting folk. Even the horses showed their appreciation of the ridiculous one-sidedness of the situation. On the first day at the Curragh an animal rejoicing in the significant name of "Bolshevist" wins the opening race of the meeting, beating "Empire Maker," among others. On the second day "Little England" captures a race. How the gentle Sinn Feiners must have smiled!

The Double

DID you meet any racing men last week with particularly long faces—men who scanned the papers anxiously for the latest Jockey Club announcement and asked you whether you were conversant with the rules relating to double-event betting? I encountered a number of them. They were men who had taken Bracket as the first half of their autumn doubles. A merry crowd they were on the night of the Cesarewitch, all eager for the Cambridgeshire. Some schemed to "lay off" in order to be winners either way; others stoutly protested that they would not hedge a penny. Then the strike situation grew worse and prospective winnings began to vanish into thin air. They have our sympathy, for it is one of the joys of a lifetime to land a big double. At the time of writing they are still hoping against hope that the Cambridgeshire may yet be run.

Bookies and Bets

ON the other hand, there are many thousands of backers to whom the cancellation of the Cambridgeshire would mean a little financial relief. Two bookmakers with whom I "operate" in my small way sent me in their accounts for losing doubles on the Monday following the Cesarewitch. "Nothing doing!" was the effect of my reply. If the Cambridgeshire is run, I pay up cheerfully, but these guileless "bookies" surely know that the wagers are not completed until the second event has been brought off, even though your first horses have lost. I find that hundreds of backers have already settled their accounts for autumn doubles, so let it be said once and for all that unless the Cambridgeshire comes off all doubles are null and void, and those who have paid on them should receive their money back.

"HUMORISTS" By "THE TOUT"

Mr. "Jack" Joel and Charlie Morton gave up racing during the War, but they have come well back into the picture during the last twelve months with the two-year-old Humorist. If all goes well with the colt the familiar black and red cap should be seen well to the fore in next year's "Classics." "Jack" Joel, unlike his brother "Solly," does not vary his trainers, and he and Charlie Morton are an old-established confederacy

MISS LILY ST. JOHN

THE CHARMING ARTISTE WHO HAS SCORED SUCH A SUCCESS IN THE WONDERFUL NEW PRODUCTION AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, EXPRESSES HER DELIGHT WITH

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IN THE FOLLOWING WORDS:—

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Put them beside any real pearls, or other artificial pearls, and if they are not equal to the real, or superior to the other artificial pearls, no matter what their price may be, we will refund your money if you return them to us within seven days.

Our new booklet No. 7 contains designs of all our new jewels mounted with Ciro Pearls (sent post free).

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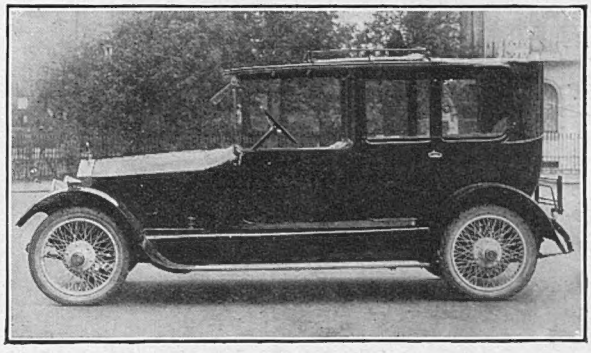
We have no shop. Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank.

MOTOR-NOTES

THE lighter side of the heavy motor vehicle Show at Olympia was the literature issued by the various tyre makers in regard to the merits of pneumatics versus solids. One of the most amusing of the pamphlets circulated was that in the form of a description, with comic illustrations, of the prize fight in which the giant pneumatic "Nobby cord tyre" knocks out the older "solid rubber" tyre in the twelfth round, and lorry owners might do worse than ask the United States Rubber Company of Farringdon Street, E.C., to send them a copy of this free brochure, as it amuses as well as gives the arguments in favour of giant pneumatic tyres for commercial motor vehicles. As a matter of fact to the average layman the huge-sized pneumatics fitted to the motor-coaches and other large motor vehicles at that Show was a most interesting feature. When you see such a firm as the Dunlop Company produce a straight-sided, mark you! giant pneumatic, 40 in. by 8 in., as fitted on the handsome Daimler char-a-banc, you cannot help being impressed there must be something in its favour. Of course, the Goodyear firm have been experimenting with there large-sized wheel covers for some time, and can claim to have exhibited the Brobdingnagian tyre of that Show, as on their stand as well as on some of the vehicles their 44 in. by 10 in. giant was to be seen.



THE ROAMER LIMOUSINE-LANDAULET
With Cole frameless windows. This is an all-weather all-purpose carriage

MICHELIN exhibits went a long way to solve the problem of fitting pneumatic tyres to heavy vehicles as they now make the wheels as well as the tyres, and it appears to me that this is a step forward, for no motor manufacturer of commercial vehicles has as yet been supplying suitable wheels for these big air-tyres. Michelin tyres of this character also are of the beaded edge or "clincher" type of the ordinary pneumatic and not the straight-sided form of the American makers. I can see a pretty little battle in arguments coming presently on the beaded-edge versus the straight-edge merits. In any case the Michelin wheel suitable for their tyres must facilitate the conversion of omnibuses and char-a-bancs from solid to pneumatic tyres, and this helpful example will, no doubt, be followed by all the other tyre-makers of giant pneumatics very soon if not already in progress.

* * *

I NOTICED the wheels are so designed that they can be used as single units or twins and on front or rear axles, thus simplifying the question of spares, and demonstrations were given of detaching and fitting them. What with the special 4-ton jack, large compressed air cylinders when the chassis has no mechanical pump fitted driven by the engine, and the new Michelin tyre levers to facilitate changing covers for their large size tyres, I was convinced that this firm

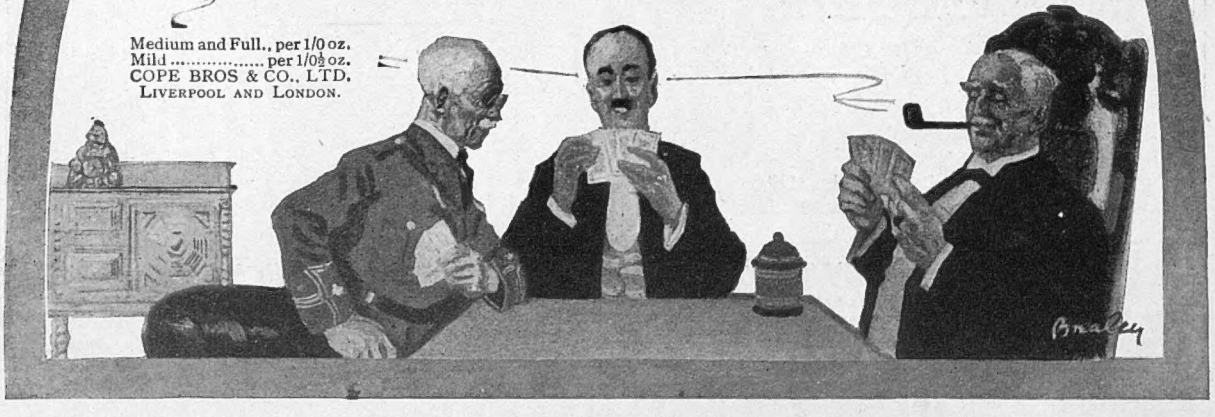
(Continued on page 296)

Bond of Union
TOBACCO

No need to lay your pipe down.

AUCTION—Piquet—Poker—whatever the game may be, you enjoy it more and play it better if you are smoking Bond of Union—the COOL mixture.

Some tobaccos interrupt—Bond of Union inspires. The soothing influence of this slow, even, cool smoke helps you to concentrate. Its rich mellow flavour adds to the satisfaction of a good hand—compensates for a bad one.



Medium and Full., per 1/0 oz.
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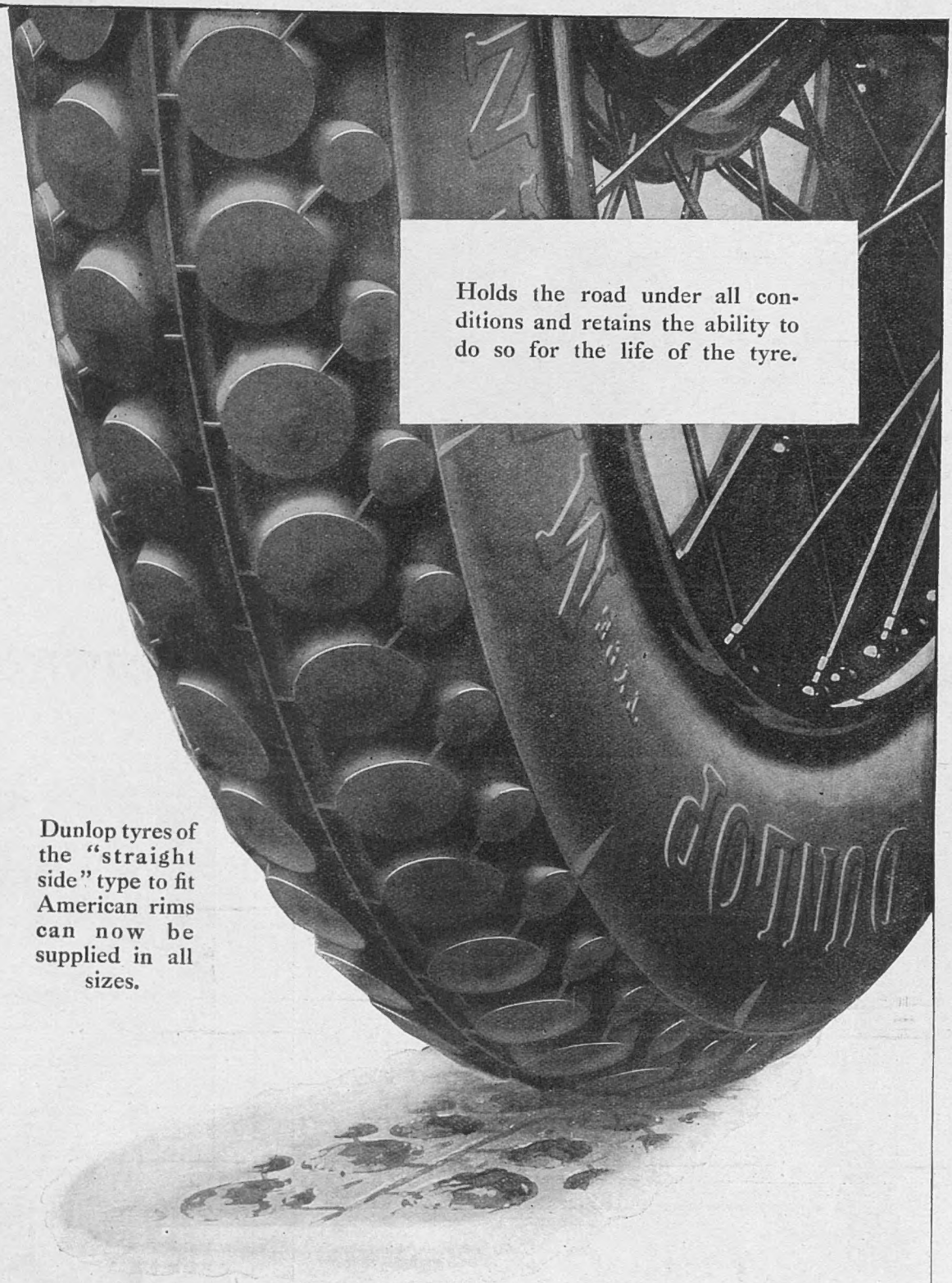


Holds the road under all conditions and retains the ability to do so for the life of the tyre.

Dunlop tyres of the "straight side" type to fit American rims can now be supplied in all sizes.

DUNLOP

THE NEW

MAGNUM TYPE

TRADE MARK

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

meant to handle this business thoroughly.

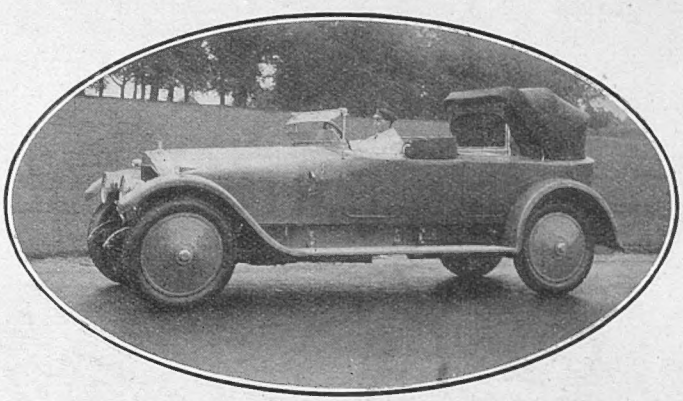
***

But good old Dunlops are on their trail, for they showed cast-steel wheels in which the steel felloe provides the rim for containing the giant pneumatic. Also a wire wheel for the same purpose besides twin rims for mounting on wood wheels. Built on multiple ply cord casings the two big sizes of Dunlops are 36 in. by 6 in. and 40 in. by 8 in., both straight-sided and are moulded on flat base rims, so are easily detached by the removal of one of the rim flanges without entailing any forcing over the rim by levers. Then there was to be seen a new super-cushion Dunlop tyre which claims to be a particularly resilient tyre for passenger service for those who are sceptical about air-filled tyres for heavy loads. But what with the Avon solid non-skid tyres for fire-engines and the Avon solid rubber tyres for electric industrial trucks, and Chas. Mackintosh's steam-tractor tyres up to 5 ft. in diameter, and their semi-solid normal air-pressure tyres, the Lilliputian car-owner simply shrivelled up when he thought of the insignificant littleness of his vehicle's wheels and coverings, but thanked his stars his covers did not cost him £80 to £110 per tyre which the owners of any of these giants had to fork out.

***

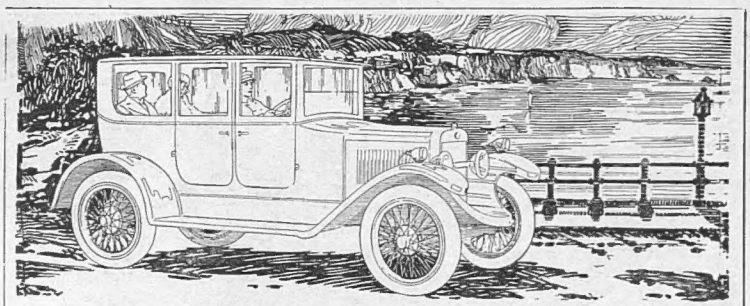
Frankly, I never bothered about the famous Clincher tyres when I called at the North British Rubber Company's stand, as though they were here fire-engine size downwards, it was the rubber mats, pedal covers, hood cloths, step covers, and van sheeting that interested me most. I took this opportunity to have a good look round in the gallery to find all the odds and ends of this character that so help to add comfort to every motorist, carriage owner or commercial vehicle proprietor alike. If anybody doubts the usefulness of these aids let him or her go down to the London depôt at Tottenham Court Road and spend an hour there. I guarantee they find something they must buy. Especially the ladies, for though many cars have adjustable pedals and seats, yet I have found that when both girls and boys drive the same car the quickest method to get the pedals comfortable for short folk is to have rubber pads that can be slipped on and off the pedals to suit the driver with the shortest legs. Their cost is small, but the comfort is great, and the North British make them to fit any form of pedal and height wanted. Which only goes to show that people might take more interest in the tyre stalls at exhibitions to their advantage instead of gaping at cars they cannot afford to buy, which seems an ill-natured remark, but then what can you expect with the weather as it is, the strike, and all festivities banned just when I hoped to be rejuvenated by meeting all my old motoring pals in town this week, but instead am a "copper" again. It's jolly dry work.

Old Hy.



THE LATEST SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER

The most comfortable touring-car for all passengers, with a separate hood and screen for front and back seats



The Thing that Counts in the Overland Car

LOW upkeep expense is the big thing about the Overland, next to its moderate purchase price.

The Car is designed for economical running: it is light—only 16 cwt.; it is fitted with three-point suspension Triplex springs that afford protection from road shocks, thus reducing petrol consumption and increasing tyre mileage.

Every detail of the Overland's construction makes for upkeep economy. One lubricating system (in which no pump is used) and one kind of oil supply engine, clutch, gear-box and universal joint. Oil consumption is no more than one gallon to every thousand miles.

You can rightly expect years of service from the Overland. Even the tyres last from 8,000 to 10,000 miles.

Remember these Economy Facts:

191 Overlands in a country-wide test averaged 30¼ miles per gallon.

The increase of 7d. per gallon of petrol costs the average Overland owner less than one farthing per mile extra.

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster with complete equipment is £495. Sedan: £750. Coupe: £700. An interesting catalogue will be mailed on request.

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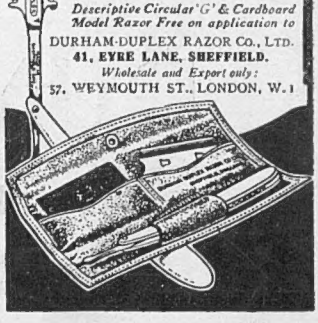
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